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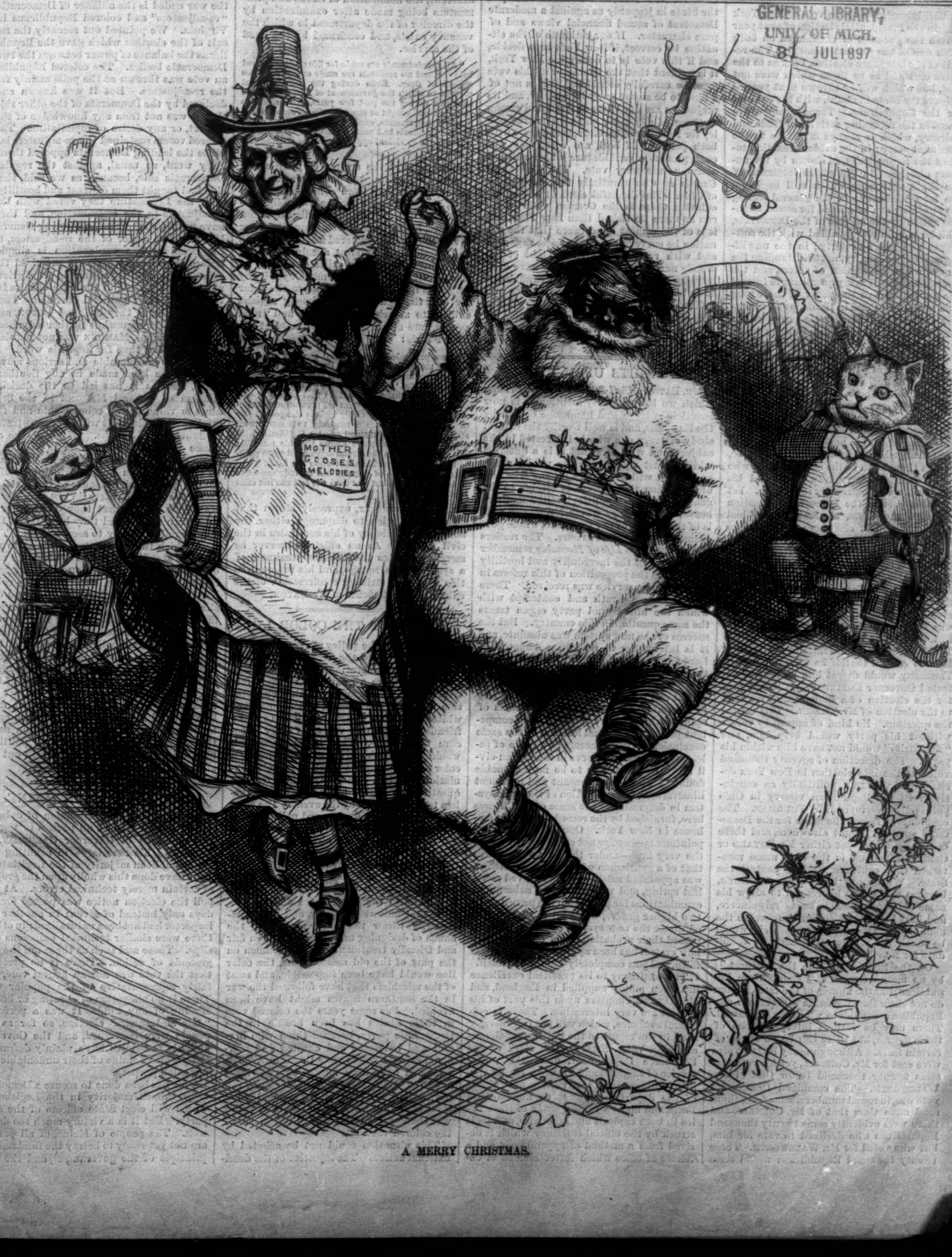


A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 3, 1880.

☞ *With this issue of* Harper's Weekly *our readers will receive the Christmas Number of* Harper's Young People, *a beautiful and attractive journal of Sixteen Pages, richly illustrated, and containing a great variety of interesting reading matter.*

The New-Year's issue of Harper's Young People, *containing illustrations and reading matter of the most varied and attractive character, will be sent out with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

PARTY PROSPECTS FOR NEXT YEAR.

THE importance of the vote of New York in the Presidential election of next year makes the question of candidates on both sides one of the gravest moment. The result of the late State election, both as to the votes cast and as to those which were not cast, but which will be thrown next year, is to leave the State in doubt, with the chances for the Republicans. These chances are found in the returning activity of trade and industry, which is always favorable to the dominant party; in the evident reaction toward the Republicans, as shown by the autumn elections; in the entire command of the State patronage, which will begin on the 1st of January; in the general feeling that nothing can be gained for sound financial action by the success of the Democrats, who have been closely allied with the soft-money and inflation party; in the unwillingness of the country, notwithstanding the rise of a new generation of voters, and the changed aspect of many questions, to intrust the government to the party of the wrong side in the war; and in the deep and relentless feud of the Democratic party in the State. For such reasons, and others which will suggest themselves, it is fair to assume that the chances of the election next year in New York are with the Republicans.

The Democratic situation in this State is very critical. There is no doubt that Mr. Tilden, without personal popularity, has yet a strong hold upon his party as its shrewdest politician and manager, and the candidate whom his party believes to have been wronged. Until the late election, also, he was thought to be the one Democrat who could certainly carry New York, and his nomination was apparently inevitable. Yet had this part of the Democratic situation remained the same, a great change had taken place in it elsewhere. The cipher disclosures had alienated the entire body of the independents who supported him in 1876, and a large number of his Democratic friends. He has had no standing whatever as a reform candidate since the exposure of the performances of his agents in 1876, and even before the Kelly bolt his nomination was by no means sure to carry New York. But the extent and determination of the Tammany defection are fatal to Mr. Tilden. It is as certain that, if he were nominated, Tammany would defeat him as that it defeated Governor Robinson. It would prefer the election of a Republican President to the election of Mr. Tilden. This settles the question. No kind of appeal to voters without his party would help him, and "regularity" would not save him within his party. The defection of seventy thousand votes at the late election in New York destroyed Mr. Tilden politically as conclusively as the Republican victory in Ohio politically destroyed Mr. Thurman. The candidate to secure the State for the Democrats must be sought elsewhere, and there can be no doubt that either Mr. Bayard or General Hancock is the only name mentioned that could respectably contest the State. We do not include Mr. Seymour, because we believe his refusal to allow his name to be mentioned to be entirely sincere, and that he will not consent to receive the nomination. If he would consent, he would be much the strongest Democratic candidate for New York.

On the Republican side the prospect is by no means clear. The chances are Republican, but the figures of the late election do not show that the State is secure for any Republican candidate who may be named. There may be various interpretations of those figures, but there can be no doubt of certain facts. Although many Kelly votes were cast for Mr. Cornell, yet his vote was some twenty thousand below that of Mr. Wadsworth. The combined Democratic vote was, in round numbers, some forty thousand more than that of Mr. Cornell, and there were evidently some twenty thousand Republicans who declined to vote for him, but who voted for Mr. Wadsworth. Those twenty thousand Republicans would seem to hold the balance of power in the State. The calculation of the Republican managers is that this body is not a unit, that it is not organized, and that, when the sharp alternative is offered of sustaining the Republican candidate, whoever he may be, or aiding in the transfer of the government to the Democrats, the bulk of this vote will be cast, however reluctantly, for the Republican. This is their calculation. But it must be remembered that this vote represents a great deal of real independence and boldness; it is, in fact, the vote of the youth who have no war reminiscences; the vote of a sincere desire of reform, and of profound distrust of any innovation upon the conservative traditions of the government; and any nomination which would at once alienate the sympathy and approval of this class of voters, and compel it to vote, if it were compelled, with extreme distaste and reluctance, would be a most dangerous experiment for New York, and would at once put the State in jeopardy as against a moderate Democrat of sound financial views and of pure character. If our estimate of the situation be correct, if New York is to decide, and if this vote is to determine New York, it is evident that the character of this vote must be carefully considered. It is not of a kind to be swept away by a shout, and its prejudices are doubtless as fixed and strong as those of any other class. The true policy for New York, therefore, is the same with both parties. If both are wise, they will each present a candidature which will not alarm a necessary vote. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says substantially the same thing of Ohio. The doubtful element in the calculation there is the German vote. Ohio can no more be risked than New York, and it is of the utmost importance that the situation be surveyed with patriotic sagacity, and with reference to the weight of the wholly new considerations which have been introduced into the question of candidates. It is largely a question of the figures and indications of the late election in New York, and of the probable feeling and action of the Republican vote which was refused to the Republican candidate.

SIDE LIGHTS UPON REFORM.

Mr. Eaton's *Civil Service in Great Britain*, which we have already mentioned, is now issued in a large and handsome octavo by the Harpers, and is well worthy the careful study of every one who is interested in the subject, and who sees that it is a question which is fast ripening in the public mind, and which will not be set aside. The feeble assertion that reform is foreign to the genius of American politics is still sometimes heard, but the story which Mr. Eaton tells is of the people of our own race, whose government is as partisan as ours. The readers of Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay* remember his account of the incredulity and hostility with which the proposition of this reform in the East India service was received. There was the same wrath and contempt with which the hide-bound party organ treats the same question in this country. But the success of the new system was absolute, and it is interesting to read in a dispatch of Lord Salisbury's in 1876: "With respect to the principle of competition itself, the evidence you have collected sufficiently shows that it can not be disturbed without injury to the public service. The expressions of opinion which I have received from competent judges in England lead me to the same conclusion. Of its success as a mode of selecting persons fit to serve in the Indian civil service there seems to be no reasonable doubt." There is a pleasant and pertinent illustration of the operation of the same system in determining the same official fitness here, furnished by the record at the Custom-house in New York. One of the first appointments—we are not sure that it was not the very first—under the new system was that of a gentleman who, to our knowledge, was appointed solely upon his proved merit last spring, and who upon two subsequent examinations for promotion has passed up to two higher grades, while all those appointed under the new system have successfully passed their probation of six months. The new system has been applied in perfect good faith, and has completely vindicated itself.

The testimony to its practical excellence has been amply supplied in England, and Mr. Eaton's chapters upon this part of his subject are very interesting. There is collateral evidence, which will not be generally seen, in the report to the Postmaster-General of Mr. W. A. Knapp, chief clerk of the Post-office Department, upon the postal service of England and France. Mr. Knapp, in compliance with instructions of the head of the department, went to London and Paris, and made a careful study of the service in both capitals and countries, and he is struck by the official efficiency which is derived from a method of appointment and a tenure of office which foster instead of destroying self-respect. Upon the method of appointment in England Mr. Knapp remarks:

> "In the general service, in which term I include all officers, clerks, and employés of all grades except postmasters, original appointments, with a few special exceptions, are made upon the recommendation of the Civil Service Commission of the Treasury, and only to the lower grades. For such appointments competitive examinations are required, but for promotions no examination is necessary except in the grade of 'sorting clerks,' it being understood that more reliance is to be placed upon the record of an applicant for promotion as reported by his immediate superiors than upon the results of a general examination.... In other words, the civil service is organized upon the same plan as the military and naval services: all civil servants are certain that so long as they perform their duties faithfully, they are secure in their positions; and that when incapacitated from old age, or other causes incident to the service, they will be provided for."

That is a system of common-sense, which experience proves to secure the most efficient service.

In France the principle of permanence is the same, but the methods of selection are different, the nomination of clerks and postmasters being made after examination by the director of the department in which the vacancy exists, and confirmed by the head of the service.

> "All appointments are made for life or during good behavior, and no removals are made except for gross neglect of duty. Even during the great political changes to which the government of France has been subjected during the past few years, there seems to have been no thought of changing the *personnel* of the different departments, except in a few isolated cases, where individuals had made themselves unpleasantly conspicuous by violent opposition to the existing government."

Finding that the system of guards and checks in the European postal service is no better, and rather more complicated, than ours, Mr. Knapp says that he was obliged to seek some other reason for the disproportion in losses, losses by mail being much greater in this country. Registered matter in France and England is "almost absolutely safe." The greater number of miles of railway in this country, the charge of mails by railway employés instead of postal officers, the "star service" through wild and lonely regions subject to attack from Indians and "road agents," are all stated as reasons. But Mr. Knapp adds:

> "I am persuaded, however, that one very good reason for the superior safety of the mails in the European service may be found in the fact that officials, by being appointed 'for life or during good behavior,' are removed from many temptations that beset our employés, and that the system of promotions, retirements, and pensions not only lessens the probability of dishonesty, but has a tendency to secure more strict attention to duty and greater familiarity with detail. When an employé knows that his retention and advancement in the service depend not upon political or partisan favoritism, but upon the faithful and strict performance of duty, he has an inducement to be honest and efficient that does not and can not exist in our service."

Mr. Knapp, however, expressly states that he does not wish to disparage either the honesty or efficiency of his associates in the civil service. As an official observer he merely indicates the essential weakness of a system of patronage, and his report is in this respect a striking confirmation of the exhaustive statements of Mr. Eaton.

WIPING OUT THE COLOR LINE.

That part of the policy of reconstruction which enfranchised the freedmen was justified by the consideration that nothing else would be so sure a guarantee of their fair treatment. The ground of this expectation was that the interest of the dominant white population would lead them to make friends with the new voters in order to secure their votes. This, it was assumed, would prevent the division of parties by a color line, and tend to blend the whole population together. This view, which was unquestionably sound, has seemed nevertheless to be disproved by the event. The color line was very soon drawn, and political contests have failed to remove it. The reasons for this situation are obvious; but still, through all the years since the war ended it has been clear that the solution of "the Southern problem" lay mainly with the white population of the Southern States. If instead of the black codes and the Ku-Klux that followed the war, and which necessarily threw the new voters into the hands of designing men, there had been fair and friendly treatment of the freedmen on the part of the old master class, the color line would have been impossible, and most of the mischiefs that have followed the war in the Southern States might have been avoided. For some years the colored vote in those States has been hostile to the Democratic party, because those who harried and bulldozed and cheated and murdered colored voters were Democrats. The freedmen have been taught by experience not to expect sympathy or aid, or even fair play, from the Democratic party, and it has been enough that a candidate or a policy was Democratic to insure the opposition of the colored vote.

This situation could not be affected by national action. The injustice of the dominant population might indeed drive the colored voters away. It might be avenged by the self-exile of the laboring people, and the consequent ruin of the great agricultural interests of the Southern part of the country. But still it would be true that the only natural settlement of the question would be the contest for the colored vote by a division in the white party. This was foreshadowed by the action of Dixon in Mississippi. For his own purposes he "bid" for the colored vote; and the colored voters believed him, and would have sustained him. His murder showed only the barbarism and ignorance of his opponents, and their consciousness that his course would be fatal to the dull Democratic tyranny which paralyzes the Southern States. But Dixon, whatever his character, and however selfish his purpose, was the forerunner of the kind of movement which will break the spell that has so long inthralled "the South." The most striking and significant sign in Southern politics since the war ended is the alliance of Democratic "re-adjusters" and colored Republicans in Virginia. We pointed out recently the result of the election which gave the Republicans the balance of power between the two Democratic bodies. The colored Republican vote was thrown at the polls mainly for the re-adjusters. But it was known and declared by the Democrats of the other side that it was not from any knowledge of the subject, or any desire of repudiation. The colored voters sustained the re-adjusters because the leading Democrats opposed them. They went, as usual, against the regular Democratic side, because, as we said, that side had taught them distrust and hostility.

In the Legislature they voted with the re-adjusters in the organization, and they have united with them in electing General Mahone, the leader of the re-adjusters, to the Senate. The explanation is simple. Before the election Mahone promised the colored voters redress of certain great grievances which existed in the form of laws intended for their political coercion. They believed him, as they believed Dixon, and as Virginia is somewhat further advanced than Mississippi, Mahone was not murdered, and he has thus far kept his word. It is the first considerable and serious movement of the kind made in any Southern State, and as it has led to the decisive election of General Mahone to the Senate, the value of the colored vote and the method of obtaining it will be demonstrated to Southern politicians. Of course the alliance is made upon an issue which is in no sense Republican, and which can not be defended upon honest principles. But that is not the significance of the fact, because the colored voters do not care about Mahone's issue: what they do care for is their own rights, and they have taken the only practicable way to secure them. The laws which the re-adjusters promise to repeal are standing outrages against the colored population. The Mahone movement is one which, so far, obliterates the color line in Virginia, which is the great and desirable result to accomplish. It is an important step in the withdrawal of the "Southern question" from politics, and the restoration of the normal political situation of the country. It is a warning to Republican leaders that they can not safely rely upon sectional hostility as the sole impulse of the election of next year, and it is a distinct intimation to Democratic leaders that men like General Mahone may make such combinations in the Presidential election as to throw some Southern States into political uncertainty. About this time look out for storms in every quarter.

THE OUTRAGE IN MAINE.

There is but one expression of opinion among honest men of all parties in regard to the action of Governor Garcelon, of Maine, and his associates, in counting out the Republican majority of the Legislature. They have done this wholly upon the ground of certain merely technical errors. At one poll the election notice was posted for six days only instead of seven; in another the inspector had not been naturalized; in others there were similar technical omissions and slips. These and such as these are the sole grounds of action. There is no pretense that the vote was not an honest vote, and fairly representative of the popular will. There is no allegation of cheating or ballot-stuffing of any kind. It was a perfectly "fair and square" election, so far as the people were concerned, and the Governor and his associates have plainly defrauded the people of Maine of their undeniable and undenied purpose.

This has been done to secure a Democratic-Greenback majority in the Legislature, which will elect State officers of the same party. But it is a victory much too dearly won. The people of Maine, of all parties, are not yet ready to betray the fundamental principle of the government, and the Governor, by this act, has made his party the party of fraud. These proceedings will be the great issue at the polls at the next election, whatever candidates may be nominated, and they lay another enormous burden upon the shoulders of the staggering Democratic party.

The action is promptly and vigorously condemned by the New York *World* and the Brooklyn *Eagle*, but their party can not escape the responsibility. The offense is one which is susceptible of the most telling treatment upon the stump, and although there are hosts of good Democrats who, with these journals, condemn it, it remains a Democratic act, perpetrated by Democratic officers, for the advantage of the Democratic party. It has already had the mischievous effect of making Republicans feel that if upon such a wretched technicality the honest result of an election may be frustrated, the perfectly legal method of choosing Presidential electors by an unquestionably legal Legislature may be wisely adopted. But it is not necessary to set off one wrong by another. The outrage upon popular government in Maine will be fully punished by the people at the polls.

CHOOSING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

The suggestion that the New York Legislature should change the method of the Presidential election has excited great attention. There is very general condemnation of the plan of appointing the electors by the Legislature itself, but a difference of opinion upon the advantage of district election. The constitutionality of both systems is, however, indisputable, and both have been adopted in the State. But it is not enough for wise legislation that a proposition should be constitutional; it must be also in a high sense expedient. A change so radical as that from an election by the whole voting population as one unit to the population divided into thirty-three units is one which should be made by nothing like a "snap" action, but which should be the subject of debate and decision by the people. The old Federal party in 1800 opposed the choice of electors by districts as unconstitutional, and defeated the proposition to change. In 1824 the discussion was renewed in the Legislature, and it was warmly supported by Henry Wheaton, but it was again defeated. In 1828, however, the district system was adopted, but only for one election. For nearly fifty years the Presidential electors have been chosen by general ticket, and so important a practice, which has become a well-established tradition, ought not, we repeat, to be changed without some means of knowing the popular will upon the subject.

This is the more imperative because there is never any other reason than a supposed party necessity for the change. If a Legislature, without any knowledge of public opinion upon the question, should make the change, it would be due to its conviction that the party advantage of the majority in the Legislature required it. This must give it inevitably the appearance of an attempt to evade the popular will. And this was precisely the purpose of General Hamilton in his famous proposition to Governor Jay, which we mentioned last week, but which Governor Jay set aside upon the very ground that, however technically legal, it was designed, not for the public welfare, but for party advantage. In the present situation in New York it is not at all clear that the change would benefit the Republicans. The probabilities are that under the existing system the State will give its electoral vote to the Republican candidate. But under the district plan it would certainly give some votes to the Democratic candidate. If, to make surer of the result, the Legislature should gerrymander the State into arbitrary districts, so as to favor a party, the public disgust and indignation would be very great, and undoubtedly the action of New York, in such a case, would produce similar action elsewhere, and in Maine, for instance, the Legislature would appoint Democratic electors. If the Legislature of New York really thinks the district system preferable, let it make it an issue in the next election for the Assembly by appointing a committee to report upon the subject to the Assembly of next year.

The argument urged in New York for the continuance of the present system is that it secures to the State its true greatness and influence, which would be lost by dividing its vote. While the solid electoral vote of New York is larger than that of any other State, its position and power in the nominating Convention must be more imposing, and it is argued that there could be no advantage which could compensate for their loss. This, however, is not a very important consideration for any one who feels it to be most desirable that the election of President should be made, with due regard to our whole system, by the vote of the people. It is conceded that the true voice of the people is heard in the Congressional elections, and there is no doubt that the district system would greatly reduce the opportunity for fraud and corruption of every kind. The question is one altogether too important to be hastily decided. There must, above all, be nothing like trickery to secure party advantage. As in Maine, it would react fatally against the party. The duty of every good citizen is to surround the Presidential election, which is the weak spot in our system, with every possible safeguard, so that there shall be the least reason or pretense for challenging the result.

THE RUSKIN DRAWINGS.

We remind our readers who may be in New York for the holidays, or for holiday purposes, that the remarkable and interesting collection of "Ruskin Drawings" of which we spoke some weeks since is now upon exhibition at the rooms of Mr. R. E. Moore, in Madison Square. Professor Norton, of Harvard College, under whose auspices the exhibition is held here, as it was in Boston, has added largely to the gallery from his own private collection, and a more delightful resort for the student of art can not be found in the city. It is an opportunity of a kind that can not recur to trace the development in the practical work of art of the most eminent art critic that England has produced.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

The holidays bring beautiful books, and books that are not Annuals, or Keepsakes, or Tokens, or Souvenirs, as in a former day, but books which are books, as Charles Lamb would have confessed; books which are doubly and trebly precious from their own charm, from their superb garb, and from the love which gives them in this timely season of gifts. There are no Christmas shops more fascinating than those of the booksellers, and every year discloses some richer charm, some more striking variety, on their bewildering shelves and tables; and it is pleasant to recall Charles Lamb again, and to imagine the delighted amazement of that lover of books—who used to taste them furtively at the London stalls while he was accumulating the courage to think that he could afford to buy them—if he could be brought face to face with the royal pageant of this year's Christmas books. We can not even name more than a few of them. Indeed, we can scarcely look beyond the contributions of the Harpers to this most valuable department of gifts, and we can most courteously assure the reader that it is hardly necessary for him to look further, so various and ample is their store.

But, nevertheless, we defy any buyer who is meditating a holiday gift which shall be apples of gold in pictures of silver, which shall be intrinsically precious, a permanent delight, and a sumptuous memorial of his devotion to genius, to overlook the magnificent volume of the *Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, illustrated profusely and splendidly, which comes from Messrs. Houghton, Osgood, & Company. No poet of our time has been so constantly and charmingly illustrated as Longfellow, and the more familiar the poetry, the more interesting the illustration. Certainly there is no book of the year which has been more carefully and lavishly prepared than this, as there could be none which more deserved so copious and elaborate illustration.

But it is not only the illustration, it is the massive and solid excellence of the whole work, paper and print and wood-cut and binding, which makes this, as we have intimated, the monumental edition of Longfellow. The list of artists and engravers contains the most familiar names of the highest repute; and if, as we believe, Mr. Anthony is largely responsible for the general superintendence of the rendering of the illustrations, he is to be complimented upon his signal success. It gives a new charm to old Christmas to greet the well-beloved poet in such singing robes, and his song bears the decoration as a king his ermine and his jewelled crown.

MORE BEAUTIFUL BOOKS.

We have certainly looked farther than the Harpers' table, but the buyer would probably not have done so without our aid. There are books upon their list which would so surely satisfy every taste, that we must advise the reader, since we can mention but a few, to consult their simple and modest advertisement of "Attractive Books for Holiday Presents," with a very large A and H and P. Mr. Benjamin's *Art in America*, the companion of his *Contemporary Art in Europe*, is an exquisitely and most instructively illustrated sketch of American painters and their works, itself a work of art. Mr. Waring's *Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps* tells the delightful story of his travels to the eye as well as to the mind and memory. Mr. Prime's *Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations* is the learned and valuable talk of a master of his subject, who shows you on every page what he is talking about, and fills you with an incurable passion for bric-à-brac. His friend General Di Cesnola's superb book of *Cyprus* is a teeming treasure-house such as he describes, while the *Boy Travellers in the Far East*, and *What Mr. Darwin Saw*, and *An Involuntary Voyage*, will carry the boys around the world and into every strange land, full to the brim, as the books are, of admirable engravings.

Then there are Doré's *Ancient Mariner*, in which the artist blends his genius with that of Coleridge; Mr. Parton's *Caricature and Other Comic Art*—a most entertaining volume; Mrs. Spofford's *Art Decoration Applied to Furniture*; Miss Young's *Ceramic Art*; Mr. Nichol's *Art Education Applied to Industry*—books which are "good to have in the house." And the boys and girls again will kindle over Mr. Coffin's *Boys of '76* and *The Story of Liberty*, and offer their warmest homage to Mrs. Hays's *Princess Idleways*, while their wise parents will find in the Waverley Novels, illustrated with 2000 cuts, and in various styles, and in the fine library editions of Motley and Macaulay and Hume, and in Trowbridge's *Book of Gold*, and Will Carleton's poems, and the *Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, a miscellany of good gifts in which they can not go wrong.

We can but bow to all these beautiful books as we pass, but it is only that we may introduce them to our readers for a longer and continuing acquaintance, sure that their Christmas will be both merry and wise if they will but read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest all these good books. This is the very season to recall Joanna Baillie's verses:

> "I saw a boy with eager eye
> Open a book upon a stall,
> And read as he'd devour it all;
> Which when the stall man did espy,
> Soon to the boy I heard him call:
> 'You, sir, you never buy a book,
> Therefore in one you shall not look.'
> The boy passed slowly on, and with a sigh
> He wished he never had been taught to read,
> Then of the old churl's books he should have had
> no need.
>
> "Of sufferings the poor have many,
> Which never can the rich annoy;
> I soon perceived another boy,
> Who look'd as if he had not any
> Food, for that day at least, enjoy
> The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.
> This boy's case, then, thought I, is surely harder:
> Thus hungry, longing, thus without a penny,
> Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat:
> No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learned to eat."

NIAGARA PARK.

The Commissioners of the State Survey in New York have reported in favor of reclaiming the New York side of Niagara Falls by a public park. The plan is to perpetuate something of the sylvan seclusion, which is an essential element of the charm of the spot, by laying out a strip of the American bank varying from 100 to 600 feet in width, extending two miles, from the new suspension-bridge to the head of the rapids, and plant it with trees, and keep it as a promenade. It will exclude from view the shanties and saloons and bazars and other objects that disfigure the landscape, and the Commission believe that Goat Island and Bath Island can be bought at a reasonable price to be included in the improvements.

Ex-Governor Seymour presided at the meeting of the board at which this report was presented, and the board unanimously approved the project. It was shown that the water-power was left entirely unmolested, and that prompt action is necessary if the State is to become the owner of the property. Director Gardner, of the State Survey, thinks that the title to the land can be bought for $800,000, but the board were disposed to think his estimate too low. Messrs. Dorsheimer, Stout, and Barnard were authorized to prepare a report to the Legislature upon the subject, and it is one in which the whole country is interested not less than the State of New York.

Niagara is a national and cosmopolitan resort, of which the State of New York should be the guardian, because the State only can preserve the proper conditions of its keeping. Ranges of factories along the banks, and hideous buildings obscuring the view of the great spectacle, would not only be an economical blunder, but such disfigurement would expose us justly to the sharpest censure. The evidence of regard in a community for the love of natural objects of beauty and sublimity is an elevating and civilizing influence upon the community itself. The principle of public care may be abused, but the one instance upon the continent in which that abuse could not be pleaded is that of the care of Niagara by New York.

PERSONAL.

Mr. David Haviland, who died a few days since in Limoges, France, was a native of Westchester County, and one of the oldest merchants in New York connected with the trade in fine porcelain. For many years he was an importer of English earthenware in Maiden Lane; but becoming early impressed with the superiority of French porcelain, he determined to master the secret of its production, and, if possible, to engage in its manufacture. For this purpose he visited France, and investigated the porcelain industry. His labors, conducted with tireless enthusiasm, were so successful that in 1840 he boldly established himself at Limoges, where alone good kaolin could be found. He made his own shapes, and educated his workmen in the execution of his many original ideas of design and decoration. From this humble beginning sprang the great factory of Haviland & Co., now covering three acres of ground, employing 1200 persons, and sending its exquisite products all over the world

—President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, makes a statement in reference to the students of that institution that is probably unprecedented in the annals of any collegiate institution in the world, viz., that during the three years past there has not been an occasion to reprimand or censure a single student; and that it has never been his good fortune to live among a more earnest, diligent, and enthusiastic company of young men than those who are there assembled.

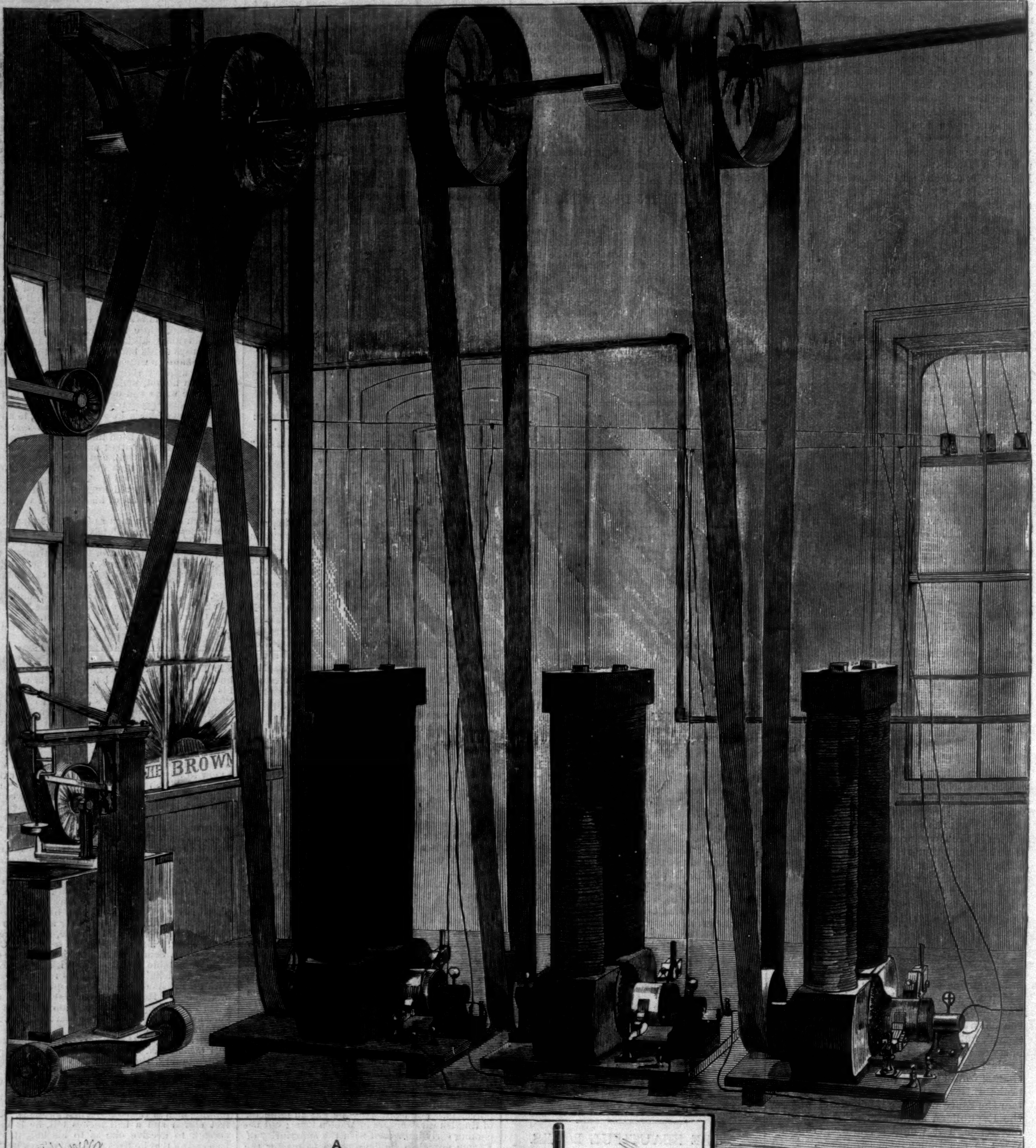
—General William Mahone, just elected United States Senator from Virginia, is fifty-one years old, and for several years past has exercised a potent influence in the politics of that State. His occupation has been that of a civil engineer and manager of railways. At the commencement of the rebellion he was given command of a battalion of troops at Norfolk. Being promoted to the command of the Sixth Virginia Regiment, he led it in one of the actions of May 31, 1862, on the Chickahominy, and was dismounted by the wounding of his horse. He became a brigadier-general, and the brigade which he commanded won fame second only to that of Stonewall Jackson's. He participated as its leader in the seven days' battle around Richmond, and was wounded in the second engagement of Manassas. He was thus disabled from following Lee in the first invasion of Maryland. Mahone's industry and attention to details were so great that he performed himself almost all the work which is regularly assigned to the staff of a brigadier-general. After the battle of the Crater at Petersburg he was made a major-general. At the surrender of Appomattox his division was one of the only two in the rebel army which was still intact and in condition for further conflict. He had taken part in nearly all the battles fought by Lee, and always with great success in the share of duty which was deputed to him. After the war General Lee commended him as one who, if he himself had been removed by death, could have successfully carried on the struggle.

—There never was much, if any, real respect entertained for the character of John Randolph of Roanoke, and this will be diminished, if that be possible, by everything fresh about him that comes to light. In a recent sketch of his personal appearance when a United States Senator, a writer says: "He wore a full suit of heavy drab-colored English broadcloth, the high rolling collar of his surtout coat almost concealing his head, while the skirts hung in voluminous folds about his knee-breeches and the white leather tops of his boots. He used to enter the Senate-chamber wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy riding-whip, and followed by a favorite hound, which crouched beneath his desk. He wrote and occasionally spoke in riding gloves, and every ten or fifteen minutes while he occupied the floor he would exclaim, in a low tone, 'Tims, more porter!' and the assistant door-keeper would hand him a foaming tumbler of Whitebread's potent malt liquor, which he would hurriedly drink, and then proceed with his remarks, often thus drinking three or four quarts in an afternoon." The thing for which he will be remembered longest was the manumission, at his death, of his slaves, of whom he owned 315.

—Even so cool a man as General Sherman is sometimes taken completely aback. A few days since a United States Senator from a Western State was showing one of his constituents the lions of Washington, and, among others, introduced him to General Sherman. On shaking hands, he said to the general, in an innocent way, "You were in the late war, were you not?" The Senator says that a more surprised-looking man than the warrior was never seen.

—Senator Bayard has long been known in Washington as one of the most domestic of men, and one of the most entertaining and agreeable. A correspondent of the Boston *Globe* says that "in his family Senator Bayard is the model husband and the model father. His wife and his children are his jewels, and he cherishes them with a true father's love and care. His family are his companions, and when he is not engaged in his public duties at the Capitol, you are almost sure to find him with his family at home. The Bayards live very unpretentiously here at Washington, in a plain brick mansion, large and roomy. The house is furnished with a view to the comfort of the inmates rather than as an exhibition of the wealth of its owner, and therein it differs from the homes of most wealthy men here in Washington. The engravings and paintings upon the walls are rare rather than numerous; the furniture is comfortable and artistic rather than fashionable and showy. A favorite rendezvous of the Senator's is the dining-room—a large substantial room, with a great, hospitable, open dining-table, and cheerful open grate fire always burning on the hearth in cold weather, and a solid, substantial-looking sideboard, the lock of which is never turned, and which never seems to be barren of good cheer. Here the Senator likes to gather about him his friends, both public and private, and there is rarely a day, I fancy, during the session of Congress, when Senator Bayard does not have one or more notable men to dine with him. After dinner, he delights to sit in this room and chat with his guests on the various topics of interest of the day. He is an inveterate talker, and when warmed up upon a question of public importance, is apt to do three-quarters or seven-eighths of the talking himself."

—Mr. Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, is accurately described by our contemporary, the *Graphic*, as "a tall, powerful, handsome man with a big head, and a big heart, and a big voice, with a kindly manner, who could not be long in one place without becoming the centre of a group. He is one of the finest-looking men in the country, and knows it. Five feet eleven and a half inches tall, he is broad enough to deceive one as to his height. His face shows that he lives well, and enjoys it. The eyes are bright and quick, with a twinkle of humor in them oftener than not, and his almost white mustache and imperial, which savor of the military, and belie his years, might make him look fierce were it not for a constantly recurring and anything but savage smile, and a not quite soldierly tendency of his hands toward his trousers pockets. But he can use his hands on occasion to better purpose than stowing them in his pockets, as his keen pen is a witness, and Cincinnati roughs have had reason to learn. 'He is an ugly man to wake up, and "an awkward man in a row,"' as a friend said of him. 'He is powerful, strikes a heavy, savage blow, and makes the fight a hard one, but that done, he is through. He is not a good hater, and is soon over it, forgetting it all, and bearing no malice. He is as big and generous as he looks.' One of his generous impulses was shown at the time of the Chicago fire. When the *Tribune* office went, he did not stop to ask what the need was or to telegraph an offer. The *Commercial* always keeps on hand, in the vault of a bank, a font of type, distributed in the cases, the cases being screwed together in sixes, to protect the type, and for easy handling. This was at the *Tribune's* service, 'and,' said the editor of the latter, 'up he came post-haste on the first express, with a ton of type with him, all in its cases, and said, in his jolly way, "I knew you'd want it." Twenty-four hours after the office had been burned we were on our feet, and all that type was flying into the sticks. He wouldn't hear of payment, and never took a cent for it.'"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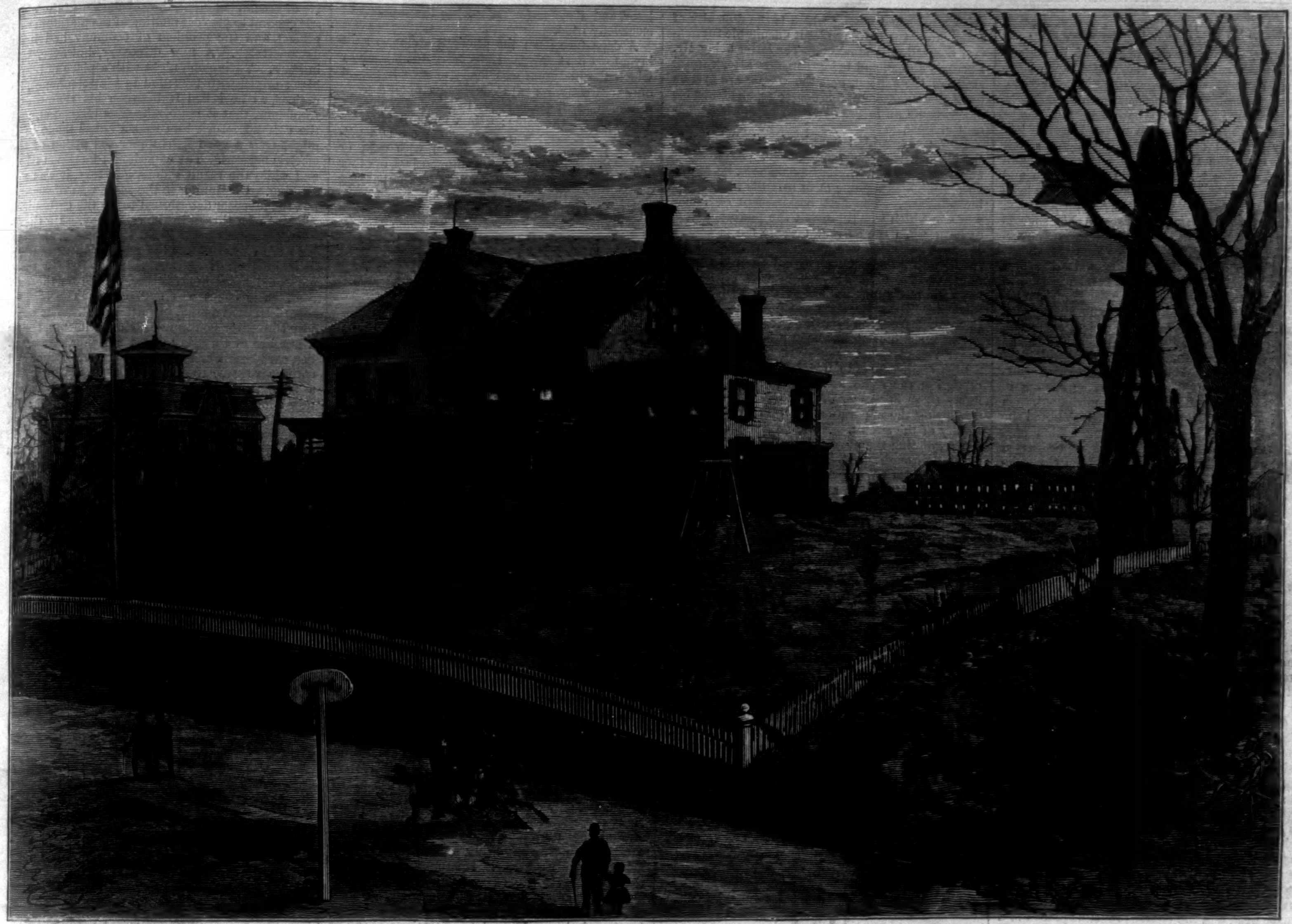
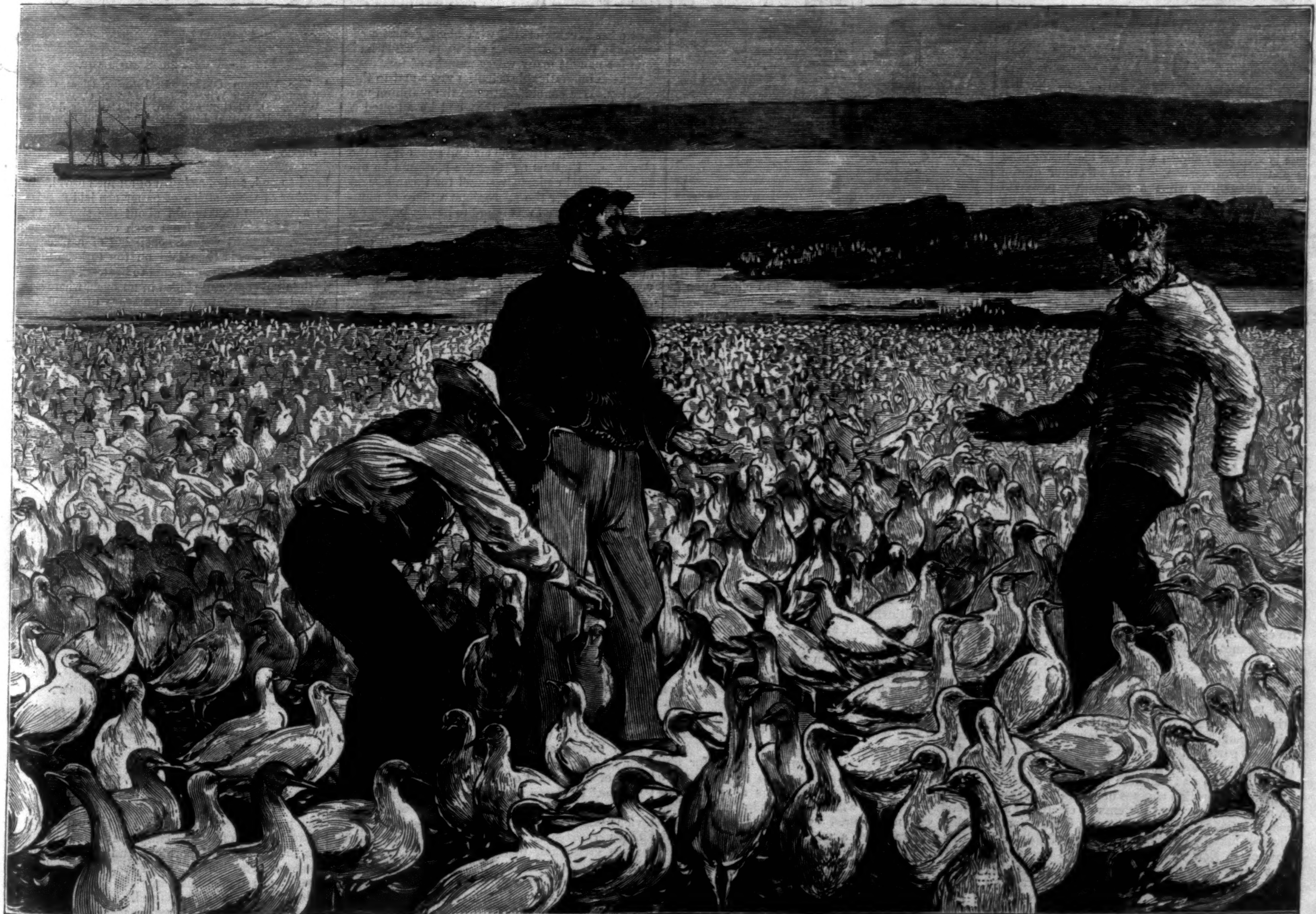
EDISON'S ELECTRIC LIGHT—THE GENERATOR.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 6.]


Batchelor's House.
Laboratory, Office, and Machine Shop.

EDISON'S HOME, MENLO PARK, NEW JERSEY.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 6.]



A GUANO BED—OFF THE COAST OF PERU.—[See Page 14.]

EDISON'S ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Rarely, if ever, in the history of invention, have the labors of any one man excited such keen and wide-spread interest as those of **Thomas Alva Edison**, the brilliant young American scientist, in his researches in electric lighting. For nearly sixteen months the entire civilized world has eagerly grasped every item of intelligence that leaked out from the inventor's laboratory, and watched earnestly for more. Opinions pro and con regarding the probabilities of his success have flooded the publications of Europe and America. On the one hand, the believers in his success pointed with pride to his past record, remembering how he had made a telephone out of a simple piece of chalk, involving the discovery of a new property of electricity; how he had succeeded in sending four messages simultaneously on one telegraph wire in opposite directions; how by his phonograph he had given tongue to a piece of tin-foil, causing it to speak like a human being; how he had performed scores of other miracles of science; and they blindly pinned their faith to his genius, believing him capable of doing all that he set out to do, be it ever so difficult of accomplishment. On the other hand, many scientific men doubted the practicability of his work, although such men as **Tyndall** and Sir **William Thomson** asserted that what he had undertaken was not a chimerical idea.

It seems incredible that **Edison** has succeeded in making his electric light out of a little piece of paper—paper of the same character and texture as that on which these words are written. It is asking, perhaps, as much of faith for credence as was necessary to cause men to believe that his phonograph was not, after all, ventriloquism. Yet incredible as it may seem, a little piece of paper which you might blow away with a breath gives out the electric light. It becomes no more affected, so far as destructibility is concerned, than platinum—one of the most infusible of metals—under the heat of a tallow candle. And from this piece of paper is obtained a pure and unadulterated light, a globe of sunshine, without deleterious gases, without noxious vapors, indifferent to wind or weather, requiring no matches to ignite, giving out no smoke or flame, possessing the uniformity and steadiness of the sun itself in clear weather, and withal a light cheaper in production than the cheapest oil.

Not the least curious in the contemplation of this wonderful achievement of science is its simplicity. The construction involves no incomprehensible intricacies. It is nature in nature's garb. A small piece of paper, a piece of card-board, a cotton thread—for all have been used with almost equally good results—is subjected to an intense furnace heat, and the charred remains placed in a vacuum. An electric current is then sent through the same, and the electric light is given.

Before describing in detail the system, it may not be uninteresting to briefly review the history of electric lighting, and bring to mind some of the leading principles underlying electricity as a medium of illumination.

Among its other properties, electricity has that of developing heat. If a current of electricity is passed through a conductor offering considerable resistance to the passage of the current, such conductor becomes heated, the degree of heat being proportioned to the intensity of the current and the character of the conductor. The phenomenon is strikingly shown when the conductor used is platinum or carbon. A rod of either of the latter substances, when a sufficiently powerful electric current is used, may be heated to a white incandescence, emitting a beautiful light. This method of producing light from electricity is known as the incandescent method, and is the one adopted by Mr. **Edison**.

A second method, known as the voltaic arc system, is the passing of a powerful electrical current between the points of two pieces of carbon slightly separated from each other. By this means there is produced a light of an intensity estimated at almost one-half that derived from the sun on a clear day. This latter method of electrical illumination has been found eminently adapted for dock-yards, ships at sea, workshops, fortifications, parks, and other large spaces, and within the past few years its employment has been quite extensive both in Europe and this country.

In order to produce satisfactory electrical illumination by either the voltaic arc or incandescent system, it was found necessary at an early day to obtain electricity in some more suitable manner than by the galvanic batteries previously used. An opportune discovery by **Ampère**, developed by **Oersted** and **Arago** in 1820, and later by **Faraday**, to the effect that powerful electric currents can be produced by the rotation of magnets near each other, opened a wide field for experiments in electric lighting. **Pixii**, in 1832, was the first practically to apply the discovery. He constructed a machine consisting of a permanent magnet and an electro-magnet, with mechanism for revolving one directly in front of the other, which revolutions generated strong currents of electricity that could be carried off by wire, and made to give the voltaic arc. From this primitive machine such excellent results were obtained that before long ingenious inventors in different parts of the world began improving upon it, until there were finally developed machines called dynamo and magneto machines, which required for operation engines of several horse-power, and which gave out torrents of electricity at a comparatively small cost. As an illustration of the cost may be mentioned the case of Gilmore's Garden, in New York city, where all during the past summer fourteen machines of the Fuller Electrical Company supplied, under contract, an equal light to that previously obtained from gas, at exactly half the cost, the system used being the voltaic arc system.

But however suitable is the latter system for the illumination of large spaces, electrical difficulties, principal among which is the difficulty of subdividing the light, render it unsuitable for general domestic illumination. The latter being Mr. **Edison**'s object, and being satisfied, after careful study of the subject, that the voltaic arc system presented insurmountable obstacles, he turned his experiments all in the direction of the incandescent method.

Edison began his labors in electric lighting in the latter part of September, 1878. After many experiments upon different substances, he selected platinum as the one most suitable to be made incandescent. The first requirement obviously was one which would prevent the platinum from melting when the current became too powerful. His first invention was an ingenious contrivance for diverting the electric current from the platinum whenever the latter became heated to a point near its melting-point. How this was accomplished will appear from the following description, taken from the inventor's records:

"Electric lighting has been produced by a coil or strip of platinum or other metal that requires a high temperature to melt, the electric current rendering the same incandescent. In all such lights there is danger of the metal melting, and destroying the apparatus, and breaking the continuity of the circuit. My improvement is made for regulating the electric current automatically passing through such incandescent conductor, and preventing its temperature rising to the melting-point, thus producing a reliable electric light by rendering conducting substances incandescent by passing an electric current through them. In my apparatus the heat evolved is made to regulate the electric current so that the heat can not become too intense, because the current is lessened by the effect of the heat when certain temperatures are received, thereby preventing injury to the incandescent substance by keeping the heat at all times below the melting-point of the incandescent substance. Fig. 1 represents the electric light apparatus. The platinum wire *a* is a double spiral, with its two ends terminating at the posts *b c*, to which the conductors *d e* are connected. A circuit-closing lever, *f*, is introduced into the electric circuit, the points of contact being at *i*, and there is a platinum or similar wire, *k*, connected from the lever *f* to the head-piece, or other support, *l*. The current from a magneto-electric machine, a battery, or any other source of electric energy, is connected to the binding posts *n o*, and when contact at *i* is broken, the current passes from *o*, through the lever *f*, wire *k*, support *l*, wire *e*, post *c*, platinum coil *a*, post *b*, and wire *d*—a metallic connection to binding screw *n*. The wire *k*, being small, is acted upon by the electric current, and heated, and by its expansion the lever *f* is allowed to close upon *i*, and short circuit the current. The contact point *i* is movable, and adjusted so that the circuit will not be closed until the temperature of the apparatus arrives at the desired height, and by diverting a portion of the whole of the current, the temperature of the incandescent conductor is maintained in such a manner that there will be no risk of the apparatus being injured, or the conductor fused. The electric light may be surrounded by a glass tube, or any other suitable device, such as two concentric glass tubes, with the intervening space filled with alum-water, or other bad conductor of heat, the object being to retain the heat of the incandescent metal, and prevent loss by radiation, thus requiring less current to supply the loss by radiation."

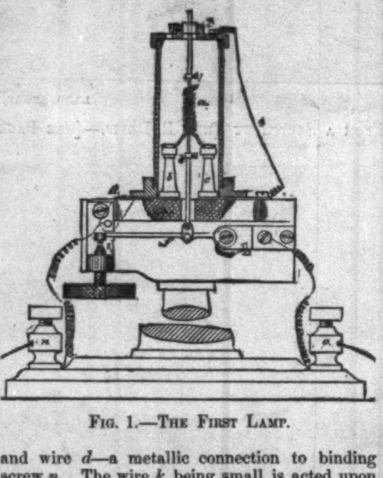


Fig. 1.—The First Lamp.

Various other forms of lamps embodying the principle described were experimented upon, but only for the inventor to find that the repeated pressure of the expanding rod *k* upon the lever *f* had the tendency to bend the former, thus making frequent adjustment necessary. Other difficulties were also presented, and after a while the form was abandoned. It was soon afterward followed by a lamp the heat from which expanded a diaphragm, which diaphragm opened and closed a circuit, and cut off, when a certain temperature was reached, further electricity from the incandescent material. This plan worked quite well in practice; but it, like its predecessor, presented obstacles that rendered it unsuitable.

The next improvement was a device for obtaining more light-giving surface from the platinum. He wound the latter as a spiral, first having coated it with a non-conducting coating that was not injured by excessive heat. With this he employed a new regulating device, and introduced into the electric circuit a resistance coil that maintained a nearly uniform resistance in the electric circuit when the current was not passing through the lamp as when it was so passing, thereby making it so that other lamps in the same circuit were not affected by the extinguishment of one or more lamps.

The inventor next followed with a new regulator, and a meter for measuring the amount of electricity used.

A departure from the previous styles was the inventor's next move. He constructed a lamp by which the platinum was made to give the light only indirectly, its rays converging upon a piece of zircon, causing the latter to become luminous. Fig. 2 shows the same: *a* is a mass of non-conducting material; *b* is an air-space; *c* is a polished reflector of copper, coated with gold or platinum; *d* is a platinum, iridium, spiral, or other body, that becomes incandescent by the passage of electricity through the same; *e* is a thin piece of zircon or iridium that receives the heat rays thrown off from the reflector, and these heat rays are concentrated at *e*, and bring the metal or other substance at *e* to a vivid incandescence, producing a light more intense and brilliant than that produced by the spiral *d*. After numbers of modifications and improvements in this style of lamp, the inventor returned to his former method. Passing over many quaint and ingenious devices next in order for want of space, we find the inventor using for the light-giving substance powdered metallic oxides inclosed in small tubes of magnesia and lime. These gave good results, but the experimenter was far from satisfied.

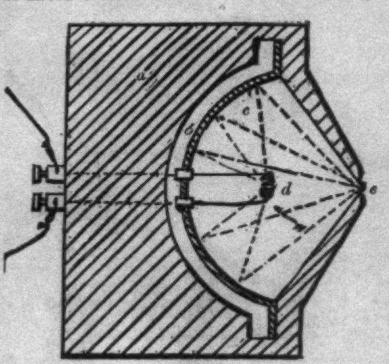


Fig. 2.

From this Mr. **Edison** next turned his attention to carbon rods, in which he made scores of experiments, only once more to return to platinum. Many more weeks of work on the latter demonstrated that platinum, as commonly used for incandescent electric lighting, and as he had been using it, was worthless. He found that the action of the electric current upon the platinum slowly but surely disrupted it, so that after a little use the microscope revealed myriads of cracks in the platinum in various directions, many of which extended nearly to the centre. He also found that under the action of the electric current the platinum lost weight. A further dispiriting discovery about this time was to the effect that the glass globes surrounding the electric light soon became coated with black deposits of platinum, thus obstructing the light. Thus had gone for naught many weary months of toil.

But the indefatigable scientist was equal to the occasion. He concluded to use the platinum under new conditions. To that end he adopted a style of lamp consisting of a glass globe, from which he extracted the air, the air-pump at the same time eliminating the air and gases from the platinum. By thus treating the platinum he obtained a metal eminently suited for incandescent lighting. Under the microscope a piece of platinum thus prepared was found to have a polish exceeding that of silver, and the cracks, before such a source of annoyance, were all gone. Not only this, but the troublesome deposit of platinum on the inside of the globes was done away with. The inventor had practically before him a new metal, and one that surpassed his expectations, for it gave out a light of twenty-five standard candles, while the best light previously attained was less than ten. Writing in this connection at the time, the inventor says: "I have further discovered that if an alloy of platinum and iridium, or if platinum alone, be coated with the oxide of magnesia, and subjected to the vacuum process described, a combination takes place between the metals and the oxides, giving the former remarkable properties. With a spiral having a radiating surface of three-sixteenths of an inch, light equal to that given by forty standard candles may be obtained, whereas the same spiral, not coated by my process, would melt before giving a light of four candles. The effect of the oxide of magnesia is to harden the wire to a surprising extent, and render it more refractory. A spiral made of this wire is elastic and springy when at dazzling incandescence. I have also found that chemically pure iron and nickel drawn in wires and subjected to the vacuum process may be made to give a light equalling that of platinum in the open air. Carbon sticks may be also freed from air in this manner, and be brought to a temperature where the carbon becomes pasty, and if then allowed to cool, it is very homogeneous and hard." At this stage of his experiments the inventor ascertained another truth, viz., that to practically subdivide the electric light the wires should be connected in the form known as "multiple arc," and the lamps should be made to have a resistance to the passage of the current equal to at least one hundred "ohms," or electrical units of measurement. "I find it necessary," he writes, "to reverse the previous practice of having lamps of but one or two ohms resistance, and construct lamps which, when giving out their light, shall have several hundred ohms resistance."

The lamp at this period was in quite a satisfactory condition, and the inventor rejoiced at the near completion of his labors. He had brought up platinum for incandescent lighting purposes to a degree of perfection it had never before reached; the subdivision of the light was a matter of accomplishment, the regulation of the electric current to prevent melting of the platinum was perfect, and the problem of economy had been demonstrated. A new discovery, however, was in store. Toying one night with a piece of lamp-black mixed with tar (used in his telephone), he noticed, as he rolled it between his thumb and forefinger, that it readily became elongated, and the thought struck him that a spiral made of it might emit a good light under the action of the electric current. The experiment was soon tried, and while the result was satisfactory, it was not striking. Continuing in the same vein of reasoning, the inventor determined to try the carbonized remains of a thread in the same way. He thereupon placed a thread in an iron mould, and put it in the furnace. At the expiration of half an hour he took it out, and placing it in a glass globe, extracted the air, then turned on the current. The effect was surprising. The slender thread emitted a mild, beautiful light. The overjoyed inventor continued his experiments, trying a number of threads twisted together, straw, paper, card-board, and other substances. Paper and card-board gave the best results, the latter being a trifle preferable. The mode of preparation now adopted in the laboratory is as follows: By means of a small punch there is cut from a sheet of paper or card a strip of the same, in the form of a miniature horseshoe, about two inches from bend to end, and one-eighth of an inch broad. A number of these strips of paper are laid flatwise in a wrought-iron mould about the size of the hand, and separated from each other by tissue-paper. A light weight, consisting of a piece of retort carbon, is then laid on top to keep them from curling when subjected to heat. The mould is then covered, and placed in an oven, where it is raised gradually to a temperature of about six hundred degrees. This allows the volatile portions of the paper to pass away, and at the same time the mould retains the paper in its proper shape, and the paper is prevented from curling up or becoming distorted, as would likely be the case were the heat applied suddenly, or the light weight dispensed with. The mould is now placed in a furnace, and heated almost to a white heat, and then removed and allowed to cool gradually. On opening the mould, the charred remains of the paper—in other words, the carbonized filaments—are found. They are carefully lifted out with pincers, placed in the lamp, and secured to the platinum wires C (see cut). The air is then exhausted from the glass globe, and when a vacuum of about $\frac{1}{800000}$ of an atmosphere is obtained, the glass is sealed, and the lamp is taken off the vacuum pump, and is ready to be placed in the electrical circuit for illumination. When the electric current is turned on, the carbon filament instantly becomes luminous, giving out a bright, beautiful, and pleasing light.

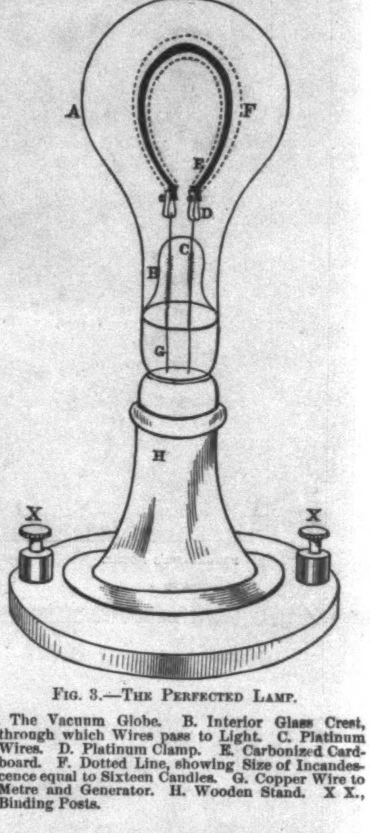


Fig. 3.—The Perfected Lamp.

A. The Vacuum Globe. B. Interior Glass Crest, through which Wires pass to Light. C. Platinum Wires. D. Platinum Clamp. E. Carbonized Card-board. F. Dotted Line, showing Size of Incandescence equal to Sixteen Candles. G. Copper Wire to Metre and Generator. H. Wooden Stand. X X., Binding Posts.

It is not alone the cheapness of the lamp as thus constructed that renders the discovery so valuable for electric lighting. The carbon filament seems to combine all the elements necessary for the purpose to which it is applied. The uniform resistance (each filament gives a resistance of about two hundred ohms), the infusibility and indestructibility, and other properties, the absence of any one of which would be fatal, are all concentrated in the little piece of charred paper. "It is as though the Almighty had decreed it," observed Mr. **Edison**, reverentially, in speaking of the peculiar properties found in the paper. For several weeks now the lamps have been burning in the inventor's laboratory, and every day's use only confirms his faith, and the faith of all who have seen them, that verily the problem of the electric light has been solved.

But the inventor's labors in search of the proper lamp did not constitute all the work required in perfecting a system of electric lighting. There were generators for the production of the electricity to be made, metres for measuring the amount consumed to be devised, methods of running the wires, proper degrees of relative conductivity, dynamometers, and a dozen other minor details going to make up the system. Experiments in all these branches were carried on simultaneously with those relating to the light proper, and some of them were as stoutly resisted by nature as was perfection in the lamp. Without entering into details, it will probably be sufficient to generally describe the generator and metre.

In the northern end of Mr. EDISON'S machine shop, at Menlo Park, is located the engine which furnishes the horse-power to drive the dynamo machines, and magnets which supply the current. The power expended is weighed by means of a device which consists of a line of belting driven by the main shaft, and running over a series of wheels, from the lower of which depends a box containing about a thousand pounds' weight. An ordinary platform scale registers the weight, and indicates the horse-power.

The generators constructed by Mr. EDISON produce a greater percentage of current per horse-power than any similar machine yet known. They consist of two upright cylindrical electro-magnets, four feet in height and six inches in diameter, wound with large covered wires, and resting on a soft-iron basis, with concave faces forming its poles. The two blocks upon which the cores rest, as well as the bearings of the armature, are supported by a cross-shaped brass casting. Between the poles horizontally is a cylindrical armature of wood wound parallel to its axis with fine iron wire, which is again covered with a series of wrapped wires, which terminate in insulated brass strips, which compose the outer surface of the commutator, and from which during the rapid revolution of the armature the current is collected by a brush-like series of short copper wires arranged accurately on opposite sides of the commutator, a complete drawing of which is shown on page 4. A. Wire-covered spool. B. Brass terminals of covered wire. C, C. Copper ends for collection of current. D. Vulcanized fibre for insulation. E. Brass base. F. Oiler. G. Binding posts.

The current passes from the generators to a metre, which is also shown on page 4, and the consumption is measured by means of the decrease in weight of a thin strip of copper suspended in the decomposing jar. The metre is simple, and is furnished with a safety-clutch, which is operated automatically, and designed to protect the lamps and wires, in event of any damage occurring by current or otherwise. Description: A, A. Binding Posts. B. Bar, or lever. C. Magnets. D. Safety-clutch. E, E, E. Resistance spools. F. Decomposing jar. G. Platinum safety-wire. H. Copper strip. X, X. Binding posts.

Another form of the generator, called the Faradic motor, is to be used for furnishing power to do light work, such as run a sewing-machine or pump water. The amount of electricity required to run it is only that required to furnish one light, and it may be used with or without the light. If, for instance, the housewife desires to sew, she has only to connect a small belt from the motor to her sewing-machine, and turn on the electricity. The cost will be the same as if she turned on a single electrical burner.

The motor is made in different sizes, depending on the amount of power required from it. The size suitable for running sewing-machines is two feet long, and weighs eighty pounds. It can be placed directly under the sewing-machine.

Mr. EDISON'S arrangements for the exhibition of his light are now complete. Wires run from the generators to the lamp-posts which line the road to the dépôt, and also to a number of the houses and buildings. The fixtures in Mr. EDISON'S house are quite artistic, and are supplied with two and three lights each. Mr. EDISON'S home near the railroad has been brilliantly illuminated each night for several weeks, and the office, laboratory, and workshop, situated on the hill beyond, have not been in darkness.

OTHELLO THE SECOND.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MARY VANSITTART.

Is there such a thing as an undying love—out of the books that prate so much about it? I, Rebecca Bevis, have grave doubts, coming as I do from a school of skeptics, and being a discontented woman. In what I was disappointed, and who disappointed me, the reader will perceive before this chapter closes, though it is of other lives rather than my own that I attempt to write. I am an old maid now—say a soured and discontented old maid if you will—and that's enough. I was a soured and discontented woman years ago, though young and pretty then, it was said; for my troubles had come early in life, and people thought they were over, knowing nothing of the scars which were left. I hid my feelings fairly, and friends believed in me, and said among themselves, "How well she bears up! how bravely she has borne his want of faith in her, his disaffection! I think I did, for I was very proud, thank God! He was not fit for me; I should have made him unhappy as his wife: such thoughts as these were my consolation then—they are not now, perhaps, standing apart from the old life, and knowing how it has ended.

And this undying love of which I spoke just now—oddly enough, I was not thinking of his old protestations, his fancy pictures of eternal summer; I was not even dreaming of them five years afterward, when I knew it was over for good, and that there was never a chance for me again. I was thinking then, as I think now, of the theory of eternal constancy, and what a mockery it all is.

Fred Bevis, my wild brother Fred, whom I have always loved so much, because he was weak and childish, perhaps, or because he loved me very much too, and told his friends there was not a wiser, shrewder little woman in the world than I—it was this younger brother whose inconstancy was on my mind. He was leaving England to make his fortune abroad, he said—to lose the little which his father had left him, I was sure—and on the eve of his departure I was the witness to his solemn betrothal to Mary Vansittart, my one dear friend, my artless, lovable Mary, the very one I would have chosen for his wife from a legion of fair women. They were to love each other all their lives long—that is the old theory which amuses young folk at first start—and both believed in these protestations for twelve months at least. At the expiration of the first year, Fred came home more full of love than ever, but with less money in his purse. He had been unfortunate in his speculations; luck had been dead against him, he said; indeed, "Fred's luck" had been a pleasant jest in our family before we were all scattered.

There were fresh protestations of fidelity between Fred and Mary, and then my brother sallied forth again to seek his fortune, and we heard no more of him for years. We thought he was dead—all but Mary, who believed in his life, but began at last to distrust his love, as well she might do.

He ended his long silence with a confession to me. Never a brave man, he had not the courage to tell Mary the truth. I was to stand between them as an intercessor, as a grim fate, perhaps, if these two had meant all that they had said. He had been unlucky again, he wrote—very unlucky this time—and there was no hope of retrieving his position. He released Mary from her engagement: he was bound in honor to do that: and I was to break the news to her at once. There was not a great deal concerning his lost hopes in his letter; on the contrary, rather a mournful dirge over his lost money; but I could not tell what feelings he was hiding from me. I fulfilled my mission, thinking perhaps I might help to break poor Mary's heart, or at least to shadow many years of Mary's life, for I was still romantic, after my own odd fashion.

There were some tears and sighs, a downcast look for a few days, a readiness to agree with me that probably it *was* for the best, and then Mary Vansittart was very much like the fair girl whom I had ever known. She was not disguising her feelings, I was sure; I knew the preoccupied, far-away looks of a troubled woman too well. She was resigned to the position very quickly; she wrote her letter of farewell—the last of a long and loving series; she expressed her wishes gracefully for poor Fred's better luck; and there was the end of one more love dream. What a stereotyped finale it always is, I thought.

The curtain of this drama rose quickly and unexpectedly upon the second act. A believer in the fickleness of human nature myself, I was yet surprised to learn of Mary Vansittart's engagement to Mr. Gordon—a gentleman of some position in the county, and who had been away from England for a year or two disposing of his estates in the East Indies, where it was rumored he had amassed considerable wealth. He came back to our quiet neighborhood to settle down for good—to choose the best wife he could find, and live happy ever afterward, if it were possible.

It was not possible. I could have told him *that*, had he done me the honor to consult me. When I heard from my dear Mary's own lips that he was engaged, it was too late. I was tongue-tied from that hour forth; it is possible I betrayed my astonishment too clearly.

"You are offended with me, Beckie," she cried; "you think I should have waited a little longer—reflected perhaps a little more upon the old engagement."

"No, my dear, not that," I said; "I am only too glad you have got poor Fred completely out of your mind."

"We should not have agreed very well, Fred and I," she said, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps not," I answered. "And where did you meet Mr. Gordon? I have heard nothing of this."

I had been away in London on a visit, and it seemed to have all happened without me in a strange way. As if I had had any right to be consulted in the matter!

"He is an old friend of papa's; he came to see us on his return. I was a gawky girl whom he used to tease when he was here last; I should not have known him again. Oh, he is so very handsome, despite his dark skin, Beckie! I like dark men—don't you?" she ran on, rhapsodically.

"He is very rich," I added, quietly.

"I don't care about riches," she replied. "I hope you will not think I have accepted him on that account. It is not in my thoughts; it never has been."

"I believe you."

"He has been very frequently at our house during your stay in town. I have met him at one or two balls this winter. We were formally engaged on Christmas-eve—only think!"

"And when shall you be married?"

"Not till next Christmas," she answered; "papa will have a year's engagement between us, and Conrad is very cross about it."

"A year is a fair probation," I said, calmly; "it will give you time, it will give him."

"You speak as if you thought we were likely to change," she said, "and, oh! that is not possible."

"He is much older than you, some ten years at least, and you are so very young, Mary!"

"Yes, yes; but how do you know he is ten years older than I? That is exactly the difference between us."

"Have I not lived in Westerton all my life, you silly child? Did I not know Mr. Gordon years ago, when you were the 'gawky girl' of whom you have just spoken?"

"Oh yes; and you knew Conrad before he went to India for the last time?"

"Yes."

"How strange!" she said. "I mentioned your name to him, told him you were my dearest friend, and he never said he knew you."

"That is very likely; people forget so soon!"

"But," she added, confidentially, "I told him everything about Fred, and that I had been engaged to him for a little while when—when—"

"When you were a child, and hardly knew your own mind," I added. "Well, I am very glad you have told him that."

"Of course; I was bound in honor to tell him."

"Certainly you were."

I did not tell her everything myself; I left it to Conrad Gordon to speak of an old engagement too, if he cared to do so, if he thought that he was bound in honor also. It was not my place to speak of a past love, of a bitter, needless, cruel quarrel, of all that had been, and that could never, never be again.

I shed some tears over this when Mary had left me. I was sorry for the engagement, for Mary Vansittart's sake. To my nervous mind it was an ill-assorted match, and would be broken off before the year was over, as mine and his was, as Mary and Fred's. Conrad Gordon had many admirable traits of character; he was in many ways a contrast to other men, being earnest, clever, honorable; but he was of an irritable and suspicious nature—a man persistently seeking for a second and hidden reason for everything upon earth, and who had made his own life almost a curse by his miserable search. He had made mine so completely. He had suspected me cruelly and unjustly, and my pride could not brook his doubts. Hence we had parted in the old times of which Mary Vansittart knew nothing.

I met him presently at Mary's father's house. It was a meeting which we bore well, being both prepared for it, and both good actors. I had often wondered what sort of meeting it would be, and here it was, calm, smooth, and commonplace, totally unmarred by false sentiment. How completely we had forgotten each other! What a farce, I thought again, is this talk of eternal constancy! He was gentle in his manner toward me; he was very loving and attentive to Mary Vansittart. He had improved greatly in his manners; a certain brusqueness which he had always evinced was entirely missing. Late in the evening he said to me, apart, "I have not told Mary of the past; it is not worth while, Miss Bevis."

"Why not?" I replied. "It might be as well."

"No, no; she is young and impulsive, very quickly disturbed; and it is your secret, which I should respect, surely."

"It is hardly a secret. I left it for you to tell; you have my free permission. What does it matter now?" I said, lightly.

"A great deal to me," he replied, very gravely. "She would ask many questions, and I was wholly in the wrong."

"Yes, wholly," I repeated.

"It is late in the day to ask your pardon, Miss Bevis, but I do, with all my heart," he said, with strange humility.

"I thank you," I murmured back.

"All has happened for the best," he said. "We were not suited for each other. I was a jealous and vindictive fellow when I parted from you."

"Do not let us speak of it again," I said. "It is ended for good. We have got over our troubles very well," I added.

He laughed.

"Yes, we have, indeed," he replied; "but it took me years to think I was in the wrong, you must know. Oh, how I have hated you!—I—But there, there, my character is changed; my whole being, I think, is renewed in my love for Mary Vansittart. It is a new life; I should die if that dream were to fade—if she were to have one thought of what a man I had been. And I *am* forgiven?" he added, suddenly.

"To be sure you are," was the reply. "Only make Mary a good husband; for I love her very much."

"Yes, yes, I understand. She has told me everything about you. She loves you very much too. How strange it all is!"

He went away to Mary's side, and I sat watching them for a while, thinking even that they might be happy, after all—that it was probable he had altered for the better, and I had known him only at his worst. Men do change, Heaven knows!

This is the prologue to my story, and will explain what follows.

The engagement was continued throughout the year. There were no lovers' quarrels, no jealousies, no suspicions; it was a year of mutual adoration. I contrasted it with my own fleeting engagement—one of storm and shipwreck—and thought I must have been gravely in fault myself, and full of ill temper and distrust, or else the man before me had changed completely, since I had been "all in all" to him.

Conrad Gordon and Mary Vansittart were married two days before Christmas. It was a grand wedding, and I wished them with all my heart godspeed and every blessing on their pilgrimage. The snow was falling thickly on them as they came out of the church, and Gordon looked up at the sky, shuddered visibly, and frowned as at a liberty taken with him by the elements. His East Indian blood was chilled by the day's inclemency.

"I should have liked sunshine on our wedding day," he said to Mary.

"Does it matter?" she asked, with a smile.

"No, no, perhaps not," he answered; "but I used to believe in omens once."

Yes—I remembered that time too well.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

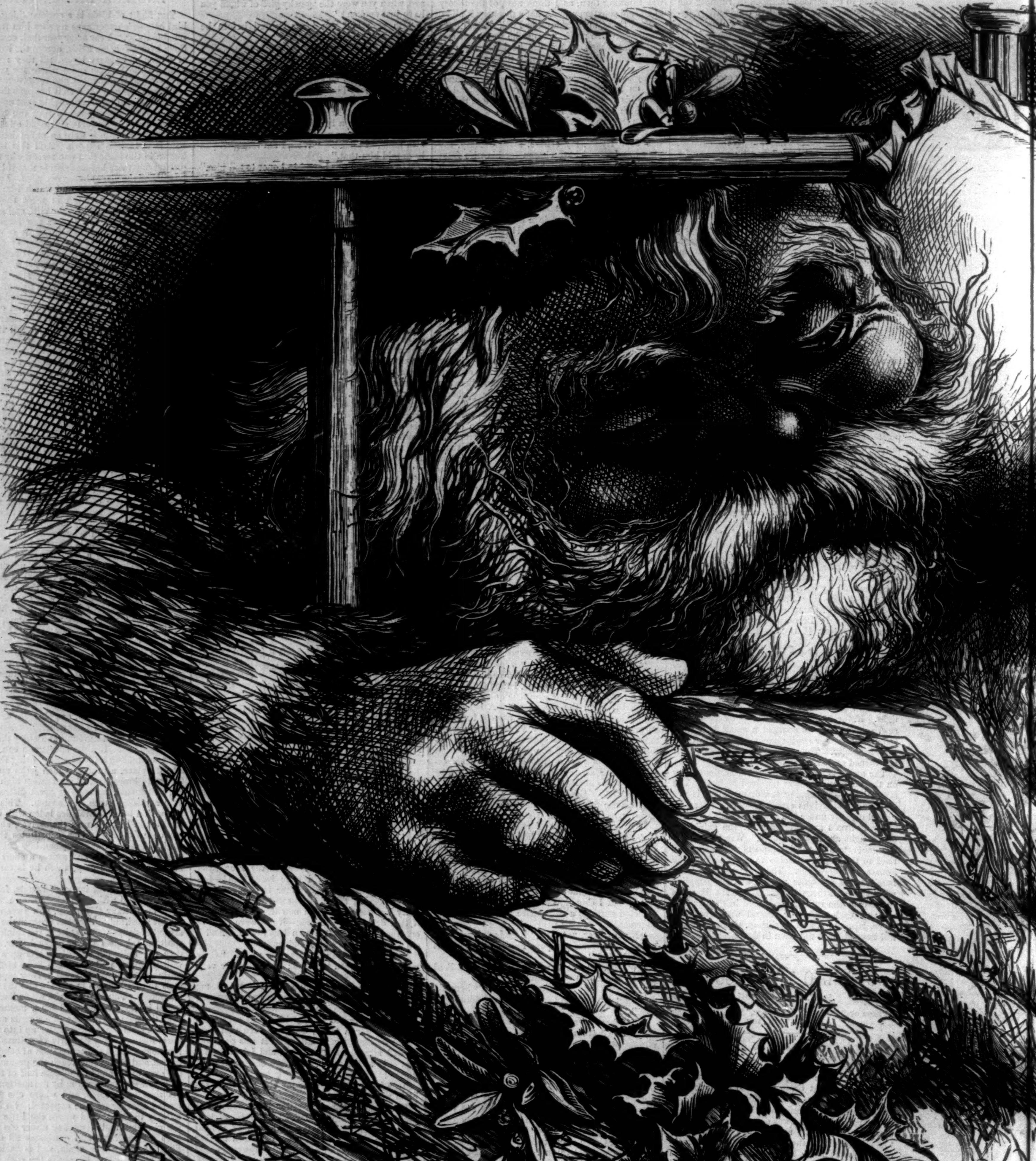
ENGLISH BIRD-CATCHERS.

The flight of birds is a curious thing, and the bird catcher's experience teaches him that it is a reliable thing. Year after year their course takes them over the same fields, across the same track of downs and grassy levels, till they reach that point on the English coast where for years they have crossed the Channel, and for generations will continue to do so. And so it happens that a particular field will be an admirable spot upon which to commence operations, so that the birds will pertinaciously resort to it, and avoid all the neighboring ground as if it were an unfashionable district in a London suburb. And this is so well known in the trade that one reason why the bird-catcher must rise before dawn is that if he is late he will find the place already occupied. Let us suppose him in good time, and watch him making his preparations, and see in what they result. He chooses his ground on the cliff, and generally rather inland. If there are a few furze bushes close at hand, or a thorn hedge, it is so much the better, but these are matters of detail on which he does not insist. What is important is that the flight passes over these fields. The first thing is to spread out his nets. They lie on the ground, framed with wood, like a pair of gigantic folding-doors, and the simile is rendered the more applicable as they turn on hinges and open and shut. As they lie open, a space of clear turf intervenes, and when they rise and fall it is that space which they cover. The sportsman is himself able to effect this manœuvre by merely pulling a cord. As he pulls, the doors rise, overlap, and fall. It is an affair of a moment, and the result is never doubtful.

That is, of course, if he has been successful in bringing the birds down from their flight overhead to this special patch of turf. And for that he accordingly makes arrangements. They are generally very simple. First he spreads his call-birds all about the field—larks, linnets, and goldfinches, for he never can tell what luck may be in store for him, or what prey he may take within his toils. Next he sees to the nets themselves. He, in effect, baits them with brace-birds. A brace-bird is one of the few technical terms in the business. It looks uncommonly like a piece of cruelty, but probably is not. The little bird seems to have a swivel screwed into its backbone, in which a ring is inserted by which it can be tied. In reality a wire is passed round and round its body and under its wings, near the joint, and this wire is joined and twisted at the blade-bone, and a little ring added, so that the bird can be securely tied, and yet its wings are free to let it fly as high and as far as its tether will permit. These brace-birds are all good songsters, and free with their minstrelsy. They must not have either sulks or colds. A peg is next driven into the ground, from which it rises about eighteen inches, and a long switch hinges on to the top of this peg, at right angles to it. The structure, in fact, looks like a miniature gallows, only that the transverse switch is very long, and is allowed to hang on to the ground. To the end of this switch the brace-bird—linnet, lark, or goldfinch, as the case may be—is tied, and it has generally tether enough to run about on the ground and enjoy the novelty of a fresh sod. But the sportsman can in a moment, by pulling a bit of string, bring the switch into its place, a process which jerks up the unfortunate brace-bird, which flutters high into the air, and finally descends in great distress on its only available perch, the switch. This apparatus, with a bunch of thistles laden with down for the goldfinches, the nets themselves, and a long low cage for his captives, constitutes the whole stock in trade. Our sportsman lays out the nets, sets up the gallows, and retires a short distance in ambush for his prey, which he is certain will fly into his toils.

A whole troop of innocent linnets, full of life and song, and with their minds fully made up to roost in Brittany that night, now sweep through the air overhead. They have passed the field and are out of danger. So, at least, you think; but the sportsman knows his business better. Before they are quite out of call he sets up a peculiar whistle which makes all the little birds in the cages demonstratively vocal. They pipe desperately to their friends in the air, and the appeal is answered. You shall see the whole flock swerve round in their course, and for a moment hover over the nets. Then the other cords are pulled, and the little brace-birds flutter up into the air in great distress. No properly constituted flock of linnets can resist the temptation of coming to the rescue, and before they reach the ground the nets are over them, and in a minute half of them have had their brains driven in by the sportsman. For his time is valuable, and where one flight has passed another may be expected. So he rushes quickly to the ground where the little creatures are plunging and struggling under the net-work, kills all the hens and extricates all the cocks, flings the nets open again, and is back in a moment at his post. He stuffs the cock birds into the long cage, and occupies his leisure in pulling the feathers out of the yet warm bodies of the hens.

The cock linnets are sent up that night to town, and are taken as a lot by the dealer at Seven Dials at a shilling a dozen. The hens are sold to the poulterers, who retail them as larks to a voracious but unsuspecting public. Goldfinches fetch much higher prices. Cocks and hens are sold at eight, nine, or ten shillings a dozen all round, and larks fetch much the same price. The retail dealer has to calculate the probabilities, and though he sells his linnets ultimately at half a crown each, and his goldfinches at from three and six to five shillings, yet casualties sweep off the greater part of his profit. Certainly his continued residence at Seven Dials shows that the man must either drive a very unremunerative trade or else be singularly dull to the advantages of fresh air and general cleanliness.



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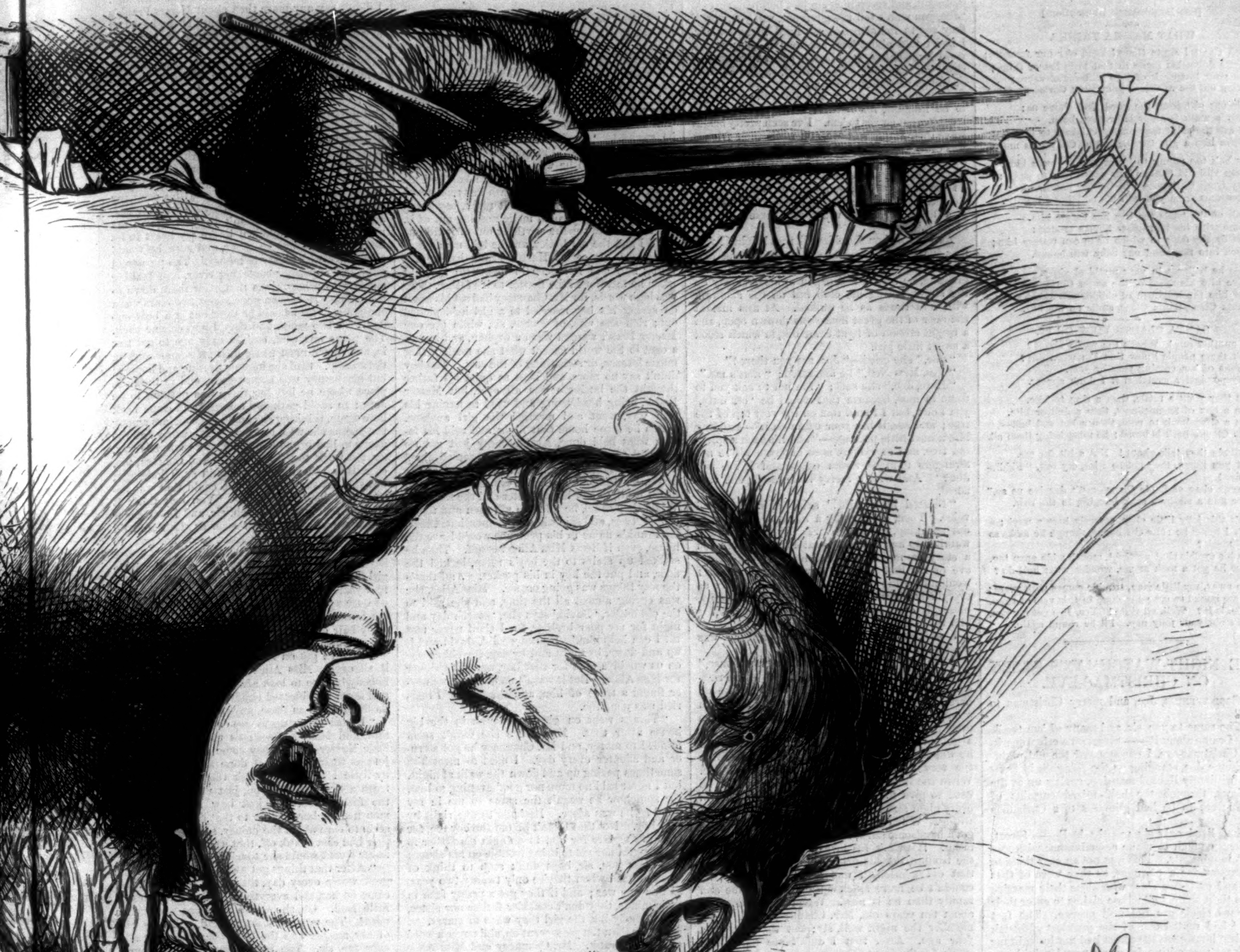


FILL"—[See Poem on Page 10.]

"ANOTHER STOCKING TO FILL."

[See Double-page Illustration.]

WHAT MAMMA THINKS.

Santa Claus! Santa Claus! bend o'er our treasure;
Write down his name in that long list of thine;
Open your knapsack of joys without measure;
Bring out the wealth of your great Christmas mine.

He is our gift from the good God above us:
Only a week has our baby been born.
You are the saint that makes children to love us:
Leave him a gift for the bright Christmas morn.

Now he's too young to know you are near him;
Soon will old Santa Claus cause him to smile:
Every fresh Christmas will further endear him;
Treasures from you will his childhood beguile.

Think of the trials the boy has before him.
Time with his hour-glass hovers around:
Swift fly the days to which none can restore him;
Soon into manhood our baby will bound.

While he believes in your mythical glory,
Give him his meed of the sweet Christmas joy;
Show him the brightest of childhood's sweet story—
Santa Claus, Santa Claus, smile on my boy.

SANTA CLAUS'S VIEW OF IT.

Hi! another one! What's the world about?
Don't these people know that I'm worn out?
Millions of 'em coming year by year,
Every youngster wretched if I don't appear.

First they want a rattle, then a ring to bite,
Then a box of sugar-plums, then a doll or kite,
Then a story-book to read, then a bat and ball—
Santa Claus's back is broad; he must bring them all.

Gratitude they talk about! Not a bit for me.
First you know, they get so wise, cry out, "Fiddle-dee!
No such chap as Santa Claus—can't deceive us so."
Never find a six-inch sock hanging in the row.

Here's this jolly little chap, scarcely here a week;
Don't I know he rules the house, though he looks so meek?
Both his eyelids shut up tight, mouth wide open too.
S'pose he got a look at me, wonder what he'd do?

Sleep away, my little man, trouble comes with years;
You are bound to get your share in this vale of tears.
Rattle, is it? Well, all right! Yes, I've got my pen.
Finish out your jolly nap. I'll be round again.

THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN'S STORY ON CHRISTMAS-EVE.

"Good-evening, Joe, and merry Christmas to you."

"The same to you, sir, and many of 'em too."

As I came along B—— Street on a crisp, sparkling Christmas-eve, I encountered the old night-watchman Joe, standing on the sidewalk in front of a brilliantly lighted mansion, gazing up at the windows, through the half-raised curtains of which were to be had glimpses of a Christmas tree.

I had lived only six months in B—— Street, not long enough to make acquaintance with any of its inhabitants. This was not an easy thing to do anyway for a stranger, as they were of that rich and exclusive class who close their massive doors tight against all whose claims to enter their charmed circle are not well proven. The fact that *I* had rented one of the prettiest although smallest houses on the street had not brought me the least recognition from my proud neighbors; and as my only sister, who acted as my housekeeper, was the most particular woman I ever knew about receiving new friends—would never do it, in short, unless their pedigree could be traced directly to the *Mayflower* (*we* were Brewsters, and my sister, at least, was very proud of her name)—my prospects for sociability in the neighborhood were very slim.

But I had made friends with the old night-watchman before I had lived a week on the street. He had come to my door, as is customary toward a new resident, to inquire if I wished his services, and I was so struck with the appearance of the man that I had ever since availed myself of every opportunity to talk with him. Rarely have I met one of his class who possessed so much intelligence and good sense. He was tall and muscular, with a grip like iron, which I had seen tested several times when unruly boys or suspicious-looking loungers came in his way. He was very proud of the character of his street, and often repeated that during the thirty years he had had the care of it there had been no robbery and no disturbance of any serious character. A strong-hearted, noble man he was, too. His rugged, kindly face, with its crown of gray, tangled hair, was worthy of a painter's study. Even the proud residents of the street esteemed him highly, and befriended him in many ways.

"Yours is a strange life, and a hard one too," I said to him one night.

"Well, sir," he answered, "it's according as how you take it. Strange it is, sir, but I can't say it's been hard to me. There come winter nights when the snow is blowing and drifting, or the sleet driving in my face like sharp-pointed needles, and I look up at the big houses where folks are warm and comfortable, sound asleep, maybe, and I think of the difference between their lot and mine, tramping up and down alone in the storm; but it isn't to complain, sir, because somebody must be outside watching, and why shouldn't it be me as well as another? And then it isn't always winter, and there come nights in warm weather when the moon is shining, and maybe a refreshing breeze blowing after a hot day. I'm better off then than if I was shut up inside. See many strange things, do I? Ay, sir, things as are joyous, and things as are sorrowful too, and make me as sad, sir, as the people they happen to. Yes, sir, a night-watchman comes to know more family secrets than most folks, and in so many years there has come to be some sort of history in my mind about nigh on to every house in this street. I've seen many a young man come home hours after his mother thought he was safe in bed. I've seen 'em creep out at midnight, and creep in again just before daybreak. 'Joe, you won't tell the governor, will you, now?' they say to me sometimes. Lord bless you, sir, I never told about 'em, but many's the warning word I've spoken, for I hadn't patience to see 'em going on that way. Yes, indeed, sir, it's all kind of things as comes under my eye; and as all the faces, young and old, up and down the street, get to be familiar, it's natural I share the joy and trouble what comes to 'em. I've seen pretty brides leave their father's house, and while their friends was crowding round and wishing 'em good-by, I've stood on the walk, out of sight, and given 'em my silent blessing. I've crept by houses, too, where I knew some one, whose going out and coming in I'd seen for years, was dying inside. Each house is a little world, sir, when you come to know about it."

As Joe stood on the sidewalk that bright Christmas-eve, I noticed that he was much more serious than usual, and less inclined to talk. After my greeting, he turned and began to move slowly up the street, letting his club fall on the sidewalk with dull thuds as he walked. At this instant the door of the great house was thrown open, and a bright stream of light came out, in which stood a sweet little girl.

"Joe," she cried—"Joe, are you there?"

"Yes, Miss Nell," he answered; "that's me."

"Here, Joe," she said; "I'm not to ask you to come in now, because that would be 'off duty,' you know, but I found this on the very top of the tree; and see, it has your name on it"—handing him a neat little package—"and it's such a splendid tree, and everybody is so happy. We're not strangers to-night, Santa Claus and I, are we, Joe?" And with a merry little laugh, she vanished.

"Blessed little mite!" said he, in a choked voice. Then, after going a block or more without speaking, he added, "Sir, if you don't mind walking up and down my beat a little, I'll tell you a story as makes this the merriest Christmas-eve of my life. It isn't any family secret, or I wouldn't be the one to tell it. It's a history as everybody knows, and to-night it's over, happily, blessedly over, so far as it can be, considering him that's gone."

I walked quietly at his side until he was pleased to speak.

"The gentleman as lives in that great house," said he, "is Mr. Chauncey. He's one of the richest men on our street. When I first came on here, thirty year gone, he was a young man with a handsome wife and two as pretty children as ever you saw. Miss Alice she was the oldest, a golden-haired little beauty, and Master Frank he was a fine boy, almost a baby then, sir. From the very first Mr. Chauncey was kind to me. When the family would be off in the summer, he used to give me the keys, and I was to look in every night and morning to see that nothing went wrong. When the family came back I always got a handsome *extra*, for Mr. Chauncey never was mean. It wasn't his love of money as brought the trouble, but his pride—his pride, sir; for if that old gentleman was King of England, he couldn't be more stuck up about his name and family than he is now. When Miss Alice was about ten years old, Mrs. Chauncey died. I remember the night well, sir; but that's many a year ago. After that I didn't see the family much, for the front shutters they was always kept closed, and when I met Mr. Chauncey he had his head bowed, and never seemed to notice me. I used to talk with David, the butler, sometimes when I was passing up and down o' nights, and he told me as how Mr. Chauncey paid no attention to anything but them two children, and especially to Master Frank, and how he'd always have the little fellow on his knee after dinner, finding out what he'd been learning in the daytime; for they had a governess, them children did, although 'twas Miss Alice took all the care of her brother, who was three years younger than she was. They said it was touching, sir, the way she'd play little mother to him.

"Sorrow always has to give way before sunshine, I've noticed, and it wasn't so many months after the mother died that the great house was all thrown open again, just as I've seen happen to dozens of other houses in the street here, and then I begun to see Miss Alice and Master Frank. I used to see a great deal of them children after that, for the boy he was a wild one, and would often scamper on the street at hours when he should have been home in bed. He didn't mind nobody but his sister; but she could do 'most anything with him, for he was a soft-hearted little chap when you knew how to touch him right, but headstrong and self-willed, as boys are, sir. As years passed, them two come to be as handsome a pair as you ever saw—Miss Alice with her sweet blue eyes and lady-like ways, and Master Frank with his fresh, eager face. The only thing that troubled me was the boy never would stick to anything. His father sent him to college—for there was nothing he wouldn't do for Master Frank—but he was back home in less 'an three months. 'I didn't like it, Joe,' he says to me one night. 'What's the need, anyway, for me to do what I don't like?' And so the boy staid at home, drove his pony-carriage round town, sailed his yacht, and amused himself with lots of other young fellows, whose company didn't do him any good.

"But there come a time, sir, when he was changed. I couldn't tell just how it came about, nor no more just what the change was, but I'd see him when he come home late sometimes, and there was a difference. He got quieter, and his voice when he spoke to me was as soft and gentle as it used to be when he was a little boy. One night he come home earlier than usual, and I said to myself that young man's in trouble; for he walked right by me, and never looked, nor said good-evening, as he always had before. About an hour later, as I was coming down the street again, I heard Mr. Chauncey's front door slam as if a hurricane had blowed it, and tearing down the steps came Master Frank.

"I don't know how I dared take the liberty, sir, but I did. I steps right up to him, and takes hold of his arm. 'Master Frank,' says I, 'there's trouble going on for you. But I've known you since you was a baby, and whatever 'tis, I'm the one as says it's nothing wrong.'

"'No, Joe,' says he, in a voice as wasn't his—'it's nothing wrong.' He couldn't stand still, so I walked along up the street at his side. Suddenly he stopped. 'Good-by, Joe,' says he; 'I won't be here any more. I'm married;' and before I could say a word he was off—clean gone in the darkness, sir. A baby might have knocked me down as I stood there. My breath was took away. I tramped up and down all that night, pondering and thinking, and I could make nothing out of it.

"And I didn't make anything out of it till one night I met the old butler, and he told me as how it was, sir. It seems Master Frank had met a young lady and fell deep in love with her, but when he mentioned the matter to his father, there was high words, for Mr. Chauncey had set his heart on seeing his boy married to a girl he'd picked out; rich she was, of course, sir, while the one Master Frank wanted was an orphan, and hadn't a cent in the world except what she made giving music lessons, or something of the sort. The boy didn't say no more, and kept so quiet his father thought the business was all over, but Master Frank, being headstrong and used to having his own way, went and married the girl anyhow. When he come home that night and told his father what he'd done, Mr. Chauncey just got up and said, 'You can go, sir; you're no son of mine.' Then after Master Frank had rushed out of the house, his father told David, who had stood and heard it all, to call his daughter and the servants. When they came, he told 'em all, then and there, as how 'twas, and said whoever as mentioned Master Frank's name in his presence would leave the house, even if 'twas Miss Alice herself. Then he stalked up stairs to the boy's room, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. And that's the way things was going on, sir. Miss Alice, she was crying a'most all the time, and she said to the old butler, 'David,' says she, 'search day and night for my poor brother, for I shall never rest till I can help him.' Search we did, David and I, up and down, by night and by day, for either one on us would 'a died for that boy, and yet quicker for Miss Alice. But it wasn't no use, sir; we never found a trace of him, and the girl he'd married was gone too.

"Things went on gloomy enough in the big house after that. Miss Alice she didn't seem minded to marry, and Mr. Chauncey he got sterner and silenter every day. I used to meet him sometimes pacing up and down the walk at night, but I never said no more nor good-evening to him, for somehow he wasn't the same to me in my mind as he was afore. He hadn't done right by that boy. Not that I don't blame the boy too, for it wasn't square for him to go agin his father to that length, nor yet to bring trouble on his sister; but, bless you, sir, boys don't stop to think of what's ahead when they're only twenty-two year, as this one was; and if they get a pretty face in their minds, they don't consider father nor sister, nor anybody but the girl they want to marry.

"More than ten years went on, and never a word of Master Frank. Mr. Chauncey and Miss Alice had gone travelling in Europe, and taken David with 'em, and the big house was shut up, when one afternoon, as I was sitting at home, my wife says, 'Joe, there's a poor sick woman moved into the upper floor to-day, and I was thinking if you'd carry her up a bowl of hot broth it wouldn't come amiss.' My wife was ailing, sir, or she'd gone up herself; but as 'twas, I took the broth and went. When I knocked, a bright little girl opened the door, and when I went in I saw lying on the sofa as pretty a young woman as ever I sot eyes on. But I saw another thing, sir. Standing on a little table against the wall, right where the sunshine was falling, was a picture of Master Frank. 'My husband's picture,' said the lady, seeing me standing stock-still before it. I didn't know what to say, I was so took aback. Strange, sir, but when you've been longing for years for something to happen, when it does happen you don't do the thing as would seem natural. So instead of going to work to find out about that boy, there was I standing and thinking of nothing except how out of place I was bringing a bowl of broth to Mrs. Frank Chauncey. I don't know how long I'd 'a stood there with that bowl of broth in my hands, if the little miss hadn't brought a chair and asked me to sit down. Then I got sense to say, 'Excuse me, Mrs. Chauncey, but my wife thought as how you was poor folks like us, or she wouldn't 'a made so bold as to send some broth, thinking you'd just moved in, and hadn't got a fire made, maybe.'

"'We are poor, very poor,' she answered me, 'and thank your wife very kindly.'

"Oh, she was a lady, sir, every inch of her. You didn't have to look long to see that. 'Might I make so bold,' says I, 'as to ask where your husband might be now, ma'am?' You see, I wasn't a bit natural, for I felt kind of awkward before the lady, and didn't just know how she'd take being questioned. 'He is dead,' she answered, 'or at least they tell me so. I can never believe it. Were you a friend of my Frank's?' she added, suddenly. Then I told her as well as I could—for I was half stunned, sir, thinking of that boy—as how I was only a watchman, and couldn't think of calling myself a friend of the rich Mr. Chauncey's only son, but that I'd watched him and loved him ever since he was born; but she stopped me. 'My Frank had no father when we were married,' says she; 'he was alone in the world, as I was, and I never knew he had been rich.' Then I saw in a minute as how 'twas. The boy hadn't told her a word. He'd been too proud to let her know what he'd done, and yet again too proud to acknowledge even to her that his father hadn't acted square with him. I didn't say any more then about Master Frank's people, but I kept her talking until I found out just how things were. It seems, after they got married, they went off to another city, and Master Frank he tried to get work, but somehow nothing suited him. And how could it, sir, when he never'd been put to nothing steady? Still, they managed one way and another, and were happy as two doves together.

"They'd been married seven year, and had a little girl and a little boy, when the foundry where Master Frank was acting as clerk went under. They'd had the gumption, sir—or *she* had; her young husband never'd 'a done it—to lay by a penny; so when he got an offer to go with a company to the Brazils, he left what they'd saved for her, and off he went. 'I hadn't the courage to say no,' says she, 'although it broke my heart to let him go, for he was so eager, and sure he would come back with plenty of money.' The party had gone out exploring some big river, and making out how to bring things that grew there down to the coast. He'd been gone about two years when she got a letter as said he went out in a boat one day with two more, and they'd never come back. The place was wild, and an easy one to get lost in, and they'd most likely died off somewheres in the swamp. Still she kept on waiting and hoping; but her money was a'most gone, and in the little place where he left her there was nothing to be done; so she'd gathered courage and come back here again, thinking she could get scholars among the people she used to know. The worry and the exertion had broke her down, and there she was, sir, too weak to lift a finger. And the idea, too, of a lady like she was living in such lodgings; but she got the cheapest she could that was decent, and that's how 'twas. You may think it odd her telling me so much, sir, and I a stranger and a working-man; but soon as she found I'd known her husband, it seemed to do her good to talk.

"I was just going, when out came the little girl from an inner room leading a little boy about four year old. If there ever was anybody repeated over again, there was that boy the image of his father at his age; the same rosy cheeks and curly hair clustering round his forehead, and the same handsome, willful face.

"When I got on my beat that night I thought it all over. Miss Alice was off, and there was nobody but me to look after Master Frank's wife and them two blessed children, and what could I do fit for such as them, anyway?

"I used to go up to see 'em every day after that, and Miss Nell—that's the little girl—and little Master Frank they come to call me 'Joe,' just as their father had done afore 'em. Little by little I told Mrs. Frank Chauncey the whole truth about her husband, just what a rich man the father was, and just how Miss Alice had mourned for her brother to that day. She didn't seem to care about the money, said as how the father had cast Frank off, that was an end on't, and never a cent would she touch if 'twas offered her.

"After that things got awful. Mrs. Frank she grew worse every day, till a kind of a low fever came on her, and everything fell on that blessed little Nell. Oh, she was a rare one for such a mite! The way she'd dust round, and take care of her mother and the little chap too, beat all I ever see, sir. The money gave out, of course. Money always has that way with it when it's most wanted, I've noticed. Mrs. Frank she give me every blessed thing she could spare to sell for her, and I had to do it, much as it went agin me, but she never dreamed how little I got for 'em. That was the most I could do, sir.

"I was thinking to-night about Christmas-eve just one year ago. I was coming along the street early in the evening, when what should I see but that little Nell standing looking at a big Santa Claus in a toy-shop window. It a'most broke my heart to see her, Master Frank's little daughter, there all alone in that poor way. But that mite she was never down-hearted. When she see me coming, 'Joe,' says she, turning her wise little face toward where I was—'Joe, that's a fine-looking old fellow in the window there. But he's very proud to-night, and he won't look at me. We're strangers, you see, and I can't stop to be introduced, because I must run home as fast as I can with the medicine for mamma;' and before I could say a word that brave little thing was off. I went inside, and I got what I could to give them children in the morning; but the thought of Master Frank's son having nothing but a tin horse worth ten cents for his Christmas, and that, too, coming from me, made me hide the things away soon as I got home. I couldn't give 'em myself, but my wife she carried 'em up next day.

"That was a hard winter for Mrs. Frank. She couldn't get her strength, but she never lost courage, and always believed things would hold out till she was able to work, and then all would go smooth. And so it would 'a done, for she isn't one o' them fine ladies as sits down, when trouble comes, without knowing which way to turn.

"But one night in the spring, when I was walking along my beat, I gave a jump, for there was the big house all lighted up, and I saw Miss Alice herself at one o' the windows. You can be sure I didn't lose any time in hunting up David, and he told me as how Mr. Chauncey was all broke up, and he believed he was just pining away about Master Frank; for the first thing he did after he got into the house was to go up to that boy's room and unlock the door, which hadn't been opened summer nor winter all them years, and go in and shut himself up. It wasn't no use his repenting now, I told David, and the boy dead and gone; but that's the way folks does mostly, sir: when there's no mortal good in it, they comes around right. Master Frank was gone, but them as belonged to him was here, and the thing to be done was to take care of 'em. And Miss Alice went about it without stopping. She's a big-hearted little woman, if ever there was one. Mrs. Frank loved her right away. She didn't want to take a thing from her at first; but there's no standing out against Miss Alice. She always has her way somehow, and she took 'em to some nice rooms she'd fixed up, and there wasn't enough she could do, especially for them children. She went and told her father all about 'em too, and how Master Frank was dead, nobody knew when nor where. The old man just hid his face, David said, and didn't say a word. After a while, 'Alice,' says he, 'their home is here. But not yet. I couldn't bear it yet.' Nor Mrs. Frank she couldn't bring herself to go there neither, till, just a little while before Christmas, without saying a word he just sent Mrs. Frank a letter, and begged her, for her husband's sake, and for the sake of his old father, who never'd known a happy day since he turned his boy away from him, to come and take possession of what was her own, as it would have been her husband's, and he alive. What with the letter and Miss Alice urging her, for the children's sake she consented. And to-night they went, sir. They've been trimming a big tree at the house for them little ones. And old Mr. Chauncey he has been as eager as a boy, and Miss Alice couldn't make it nice enough to suit him. Last night when I was passing he come to the door. 'Joe,' says he, taking hold of my hand, 'God bless you, Joe!' It isn't for me to tell what more he said, but as for giving up watching my houses as I've taken care of this many years, I couldn't do it—not till I am forced to, sir. But if I'd been dressed in purple and fine linen I couldn't felt prouder nor happier than I did when he spoke to me that way.

"When Mrs. Frank and the children were coming, it seemed as if the old man couldn't bear it, after all; and up he went to Master Frank's old room, and there he staid. But when they got there, what did Miss Alice do but take the little chap—he was dressed in a little black velvet suit, with a plaid scarf over his shoulder, just such as Master Frank used to wear—and lead him up to where his grandfather was. She just pushed open the door and put him inside, and came away as fast as she could. They waited and waited, and Miss Alice she wanted to light the tree; and that youngster didn't come. So she told David to go and get him. When David went he saw little Master Frank sitting on his grandfather's knee, right there in his father's old room, and the old man was crying like a baby; and that boy he was patting his cheek with his little hands. When David said Miss Alice was lighting the tree, the little fellow jumped to go; but his grandfather he seized hold of him, and said, quite calm like, that he'd go too. So down they went, the old man and the boy, hand in hand. David couldn't stand it no longer, sir, and out he came to talk to me. And now they're all there together, God bless 'em, and there's rest in the big house to-night such as there hasn't been this many a year, because the right thing has been done at last."

We were again opposite Mr. Chauncey's mansion. The bright lights were extinguished, and the calm moonlight flooded its silent front. Both of us were so absorbed in thought as not to notice the approach of a gentleman, until he laid his hand familiarly upon the old watchman's arm. I was amazed at the strange expression that came over the old man's face, but still more was I startled at his sudden exclamation.

"Master Frank!" said he, in a hoarse whisper.

"Joe," said the stranger, eagerly, "tell me, for God's sake, are my wife and children in my father's house? I have traced them there, but I can not believe it."

"Yes, my boy," answered Joe, "they are all there together. The Lord be praised for this night of peace and forgiveness!"

With one bound the young man was at his father's door. We heard the heavy night bolts drawn back, and the figure of the old butler appeared in the doorway. Instinctively we turned away, and walked down the street. At that moment midnight chimed from a neighboring church tower, and merry peals of bells rang out a welcome to the glorious Christmas morn.

GRANT AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE return of General GRANT to Philadelphia, on the 16th of December, after a round tour of the world, was marked by one of the grandest ovations ever given to any man in the United States. A procession twelve miles long, and numbering fully sixty thousand people, gave him greeting, and escorted him through the main streets of the Quaker City, while on every hand countless other thousands thronged the thoroughfares through which the distinguished hero passed, waving handkerchiefs, tossing hats, and shouting themselves hoarse in their eagerness to do him honor. All the stores and schools were closed, and everybody gave up the day to the celebration. Altogether it was an occasion not likely to be soon forgotten by those who joined in the demonstrations of welcome.

The special train on which the party reached Philadelphia left Harrisburg before daylight in the morning, and arrived at the North Broad Street Dépôt shortly after nine o'clock. As soon as the train stopped, Mayor STOKLEY and the officers of the Committee of Reception entered the car, and formally welcomed the General to the city. General GRANT's reply was very short. He simply said:

"To you, Mr. Mayor, and good citizens of Philadelphia, which has always been a home to me since I first became acquainted with the citizens of Philadelphia, I return with great pleasure."

After an informal conversation, the General left the train, accompanied by the Mayor. The multitude instantly recognized him, and sent up a glad tumultuous shout of welcome. The Mayor and his guest entered a six-in-hand barouche, and drove off to take the place assigned in the procession. The other members of the party followed in open carriages. The route was taken up to Broad Street, where the barouche stopped. At half past ten a battery on the heights near by thundered forth a salute of twenty-one guns, and the head of the procession began to move.

We have not the space for an extended account of all the various military and civic bodies that took part in the procession, nor for a description of the decorations of the streets and the scenes by the way; but it may be said, by way of summing it all up, that it would take an entire page of small type in the *Weekly* to merely name the bodies that walked in the line, and that nearly every building was obscured by bunting. Triumphal arches, flags, streamers, mottoes, and evergreens met the eye in all directions. The appearance of General GRANT's carriage was heralded blocks ahead by the shouts of applause and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Nowhere was any disapprobation shown, but everywhere good humor and welcome. As his carriage reached the front of Independence Hall, a few moments before one o'clock, a round of applause greeted him, the bell tolled forth a salute, and this was the signal for a general outburst of enthusiasm all along the line. A very pretty incident occurred on Market Street, near the corner of Seventh. The ropes along Market Street, which should have kept back the crowd, were very defective, and at the point referred to had become broken down. A man was standing in the front with a mere mite of a child by his side. As it happened, the barouche containing only the Mayor and his guest halted at this point, and the interest was so centred in the city's visitor that the father lost his hold upon the child. The little fellow walked across the car track, and almost under the wheels, before anybody appeared to notice the fact. Had the horses started suddenly, the child would certainly have been knocked down, and probably run over. General GRANT observed it before anybody else, and quickly leaning forward, caught it by the arm and lifted it first on the step and then into the carriage. There for a few moments he sat holding the two little hands together in one of his, after which he returned it to the father, and the procession moved off. It was a very pretty incident—one which, obviously occurring by pure accident, served to show the consideration of the General for the smallest and most thoughtless of all the thousands who were gathered to do him homage.

In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated, and Independence Hall, by the aid of calcium-lights, shone forth with a splendor never before witnessed. Hotels and private dwellings were also illuminated. A dinner and reception to General and Mrs. GRANT were held at the house of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS. The reception was very select, only about one hundred and fifty persons being invited. At a quarter of ten the General was serenaded by the city authorities, and Mayor STOKLEY entered and paid his respects to him in his capacity as a private citizen.

At ten o'clock General GRANT left Mr. CHILDS's house, and in company with General SHERMAN and JAMES L. CLAGHORN visited the Academy of Fine Arts, where a reception was held in his honor. The General returned to Mr. CHILDS's about eleven o'clock, and soon afterward left for his quarters at the Continental Hotel.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PRA PECCHA was a great dignitary in Siam; but he has met a sad fate. If reports are correct, he has been beheaded officially for having married a pretty girl. The facts—if facts they be—of this romantic tale are briefly these: The British consul-general in Siam was until recently Thomas G. Knox, who had resided at the capital many years in an official capacity. He married a native woman, and his two daughters were educated in England. One of them, represented as specially attractive, returned to Siam, and being admired by Pra Peccha, finally eloped with and married him. Consul Knox was so incensed that he complained to the Siamese government, using the strongest terms in regard to Pra Peccha's conduct, which he called an affront not only to himself, but to the British government. The Siamese authorities took up the matter in earnest. The unfortunate young husband was arrested on the gravest charges, and in due time was condemned to death. This unexpected result horrified not only the bride, but the father-in-law, who never anticipated such an ending. He did all he could to prevent the sentence from being executed, but in vain. It is thought, however, that Pra Peccha must have been found guilty of some more heinous crime than this elopement.

It is said that as yet no one has shown any special desire to become initiated into the elaborate curiosities of the Chinese language by placing himself under the instruction of the Chinese professor at Cambridge. It is a serious matter to learn Chinese, for there are several dialects, and the written language is quite different from the spoken one. By-and-by, doubtless, some one will appear who has both the time and inclination to attempt the task.

In 1857 the first "Chess Congress" held in this country assembled in this city, at which time Paul Morphy startled all players by his wonderful skill. The next American Congress was held at Cleveland in 1870, the third at Chicago in 1873, the fourth at Philadelphia in 1876, and the fifth will meet in this city on January 6, 1880. There have been several chess conventions in Europe from time to time; one was held last year at Paris. In connection with the approaching Congress in this city, a problem tourney will be opened, and both general and special prizes will be offered.

"Bright Eyes," as the young Indian girl who travels with the party of Standing Bear in the mission to obtain justice for the Poncas, and who interprets his speeches, is not herself a Ponca, but a daughter of the chief of the Omahas. Bright Eyes is her travelling name; for a name at home, among her own people, she has In-shta-the-am-ba. She is called a very pretty young lady, allowing, of course, for the Indian complexion, and has spent two years at a school in these States. At the Steinway Hall meeting, where she both read a brief address of her own and interpreted the chief's speech, her black and glossy hair was done up in a fashionable coil at the back of her head, and she wore a Derby hat with yellow feather, a handsome cloak over a plain black silk dress, and a neatly fitting pair of light kid gloves. She spoke in a modest, well-modulated voice, and her brief address was pleasingly and eloquently delivered. It is thought that the Supreme Court will not have much hesitation in deciding that she is a "person."

A school for the education of children of Jewish parents of liberal views is about to be established at Jerusalem under the supervision of the Parisian Committee of the Universal Jewish Alliance. Delegates from England and France have gone to Palestine to purchase buildings and open the schools.

There is a law in Austria, passed in 1867, which guarantees full religious liberty to everybody in the realm. Nevertheless there has been much intolerance, and even persecution. The Emperor of Austria recently promised the deputation sent by the Evangelical Alliance that he would investigate the cases of persecution, and see that the law was enforced hereafter. It is therefore probable that some improvement will be seen before long. Only a short time ago six or eight Baptists met for prayer in a private house in the suburbs of Vienna, but were dispersed by the police. In the same city, on another evening, fifteen persons assembled for prayer, and were dispersed, and the men ordered to appear in police court. Many other instances of intolerance on the part of the police are mentioned, although the Austrian cabinet recently decided that "house worship" was to be permitted.

Many cases of measles in malignant form have been lately reported in this city, and the disease has so increased as to be now regarded epidemic. Disregard of sanitary precautions, such as disinfection and isolation by families in which the disease appears, and defective plumbing, are mentioned as the chief causes of the spread of the disease. Children from infected families have associated with others at the public schools, neither parents nor school officers having enforced effectual quarantine. Precautions are now being taken to check the malady, and stringent rules are about to be made to prevent contagion in the public schools.

The arrivals at the port of New York during the twelve months ending November 30, 1879, as compared with the corresponding period of 1878, were as follows:

	1879.	1878.
Citizens of the United States returned..	31,782	33,897
Sojourners	5,995	5,836
Immigrants	134,058	120,988
Total	171,835	160,721

The observatory which will soon be erected on Mount Etna will be placed on a site 9652 feet above the level of the sea. No other observatory in the world, excepting the signal station at Pike's Peak, in Colorado, occupies such an elevated position.

In Paris arrangements have been made by the Municipal Council whereby the correct time is indicated by electricity day and night along the boulevards and the principal streets upon a number of large dials. Accurate time may be secured in private establishments for a small fee.

The elevated railways have a patronage which should secure to the public the utmost care in all the arrangements dependent on the managers. In the year just reported to the State Engineer the New York Elevated Railroad carried about thirty million passengers.

According to the report of the Life-saving Service, sixteen stations were added in 1877 to those on the northern lakes. As a result of this, only one out of every sixty persons imperiled was lost, or one out of every sixty casualties. In 1878 the number of stations was further increased, and the loss of life was reduced to one out of every 102 persons imperiled, or one out of every eleven casualties. By improved arrangements in June, 1878, the loss sank to one out of every 216 persons imperiled. Since the beginning of the present fiscal year, up to the date of the report, sixty-one disasters occurred within the field of the life-saving operations on the lakes, there being on the vessels involved 468 persons, only one of whom was lost.

Of the fifty members recently elected to the London School Board, nine are women.

It is said that the only signs of Victor Hugo's seventy-six years are white hairs and a few wrinkles.

The allusions in the papers to a doctrine of law that an Indian is not a person may easily mislead. When our government commenced dealings with Indians, they were organized in tribes, and the dealings were by treaties with the tribes. It was inconvenient and confusing, or thought to be so, to have dealings with individual Indians also, hence the view came to be that government had naught to do with individual Indians, but only with the tribes; an Indian was not to sue or be punished as a person, but was left to his tribe, and all questions between him and whites were to be settled with the tribe. Exceptions to such rules arose in later years, and about ten years ago the government gave up the plan of making treaties for the future. It is now becoming very necessary that the law and courts should recognize each individual Indian, and deal with him as they do with persons of other races.

New York libraries are sharing in the new prosperity. Mr. John Jacob Astor has given to the Astor Library the vacant lot adjoining the present buildings upon the north, and an additional building is soon to be erected. It will be about one hundred feet by fifty, will correspond in architecture and interior fittings to the present buildings, and will provide for the gradual enlargement of the library for a number of years. The trustees of Clinton Hall Association have taken advantage of present low prices of real estate to buy for future uses of the Mercantile Library four lots on the southeast corner of Broadway and Thirty-seventh Street. The price paid was $180,000, and erection of a building to cost about $200,000 is contemplated for some future time—not immediately.

Persons who wish to visit the "coldest town in the world" are referred to Jakutsk (or Yakootsk), chief town of the province of that name in Eastern Siberia, on the left bank of the river Lena, and about five thousand miles from St. Petersburg. The ground remains continually frozen to the depth of three hundred feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. During ten days in August the thermometer marks 85°, but from November to February it ranges from 42° to 68° below zero, and the river is solid ice for nine months out of the twelve. The place has a population of about five thousand, chiefly occupied in candle-works. It is also the principal market of Eastern Siberia for traffic with the hunting tribes of the Buriats. The State department should open commercial relations with Jakutsk, with a view of securing supplies of ice when the annually threatened failure of the American ice crop recurs.

The experiment of lighting an ocean steamer with electric light was tried on the Inman steamer *City of Berlin*, on a recent voyage, and resulted very successfully. Four lamps were placed in the grand saloon, and two in the steerage. The passengers passed warm encomiums on the result, declaring that the effect of the four burners was to turn night into day, and render lustrous with light (superior even to that of day) one of the finest floating parlors in the world. The immense saloon, forty-five feet square (an area of nearly twenty-five hundred square feet) has blazed with light, so that reading, writing, and even sewing have been possible in every part of the room, and this, too, under circumstances of ease and comfort heretofore unattainable through any process of illumination on shipboard.

The following incident is related in a Vermont newspaper to show how families endure in the Green Mountain State: About two years ago a physician in the town of Windsor was called to visit a patient living out of the village. As he was fastening his horse the door of the house opened, and a young woman with a child in her arms came out. They greeted each other, and she said, "Oh, you are the doctor come to see grandmother. She's pretty sick. You'll find her in the house." He went in and found a woman about forty, who said, "You will find grandmother in that way." In the room to which he was directed he found an aged, white-haired lady lying on the bed. She was quite deaf, and did not notice his approach until he sat down and began to feel her pulse. She turned and said: "Oh, you are the doctor. I am not sick. It is mother you want to see. You will find her in the next room." So into the next room he passed, and at last was in the presence of his patient, whose daughter, granddaughter, great-granddaughter, and great-great-granddaughter he had encountered. He found her so reduced by disease and old age—she was ninety-seven years old—that he saw no chance of her living more than a week. He told the family so, but at their request left medicines and directions. Some three weeks after, he was driving by the house, and saw an old lady picking up chips. He pulled up his horse, intending to ask when his patient had died, when she looked up and said, "Oh, you are the doctor who came to see me when I was so sick." She is still living, as "chipper" an old lady of ninety-nine as you will often see.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A JERSEY man was once thrown one hundred and fifty feet by an express train, when he picked himself up, looked around for his hat, and remarked, "Well, if I don't find that hat, I'll make the company pay for it."

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

When he sighs for her and she sighs for him, the sighin's of the times may be considered auspicious for a wedding.

'Twas in Arabia's sunny land
He wooed his bonny bride;
His umber Ella, rain or shine,
Was ever by his side.
But now he does not Caffre her;
No love tale does he tell her;
He'd fain Bedouin something else—
Alas! poor Arab-Ella.

He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "'Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

A Yankee woman recently married a Chinese laundry-man, and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pig-tail to be cut off, saying, in explanation, "Too muchee yank."

"Your intended is hideous," says a frank French friend. "True," says the *fiancée*, "but if you only knew how they notice me when he's along!"

"Aw, my good man, what kind of a wesidence do you think would suit me?" asked an exquisite of a house agent. After taking him in, eyeglass and all, the agent replied, "Something like a flat, I should think, would be most appropriate."

A young man who held a loaded pistol to his head and threatened to blow his brains out, unless the girl who had refused him would consent to have him, was coolly told by the young lady he would have to blow some brains into his head first. He didn't blow.

A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself: "Even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow women with pins."

"Will your mother ever marry again?" he inquired. "Not with my approval," she answered; "such is my opinion thus far, and not a step-father."

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

YOUNG SPORTSMAN. "Does your father preserve at all?"

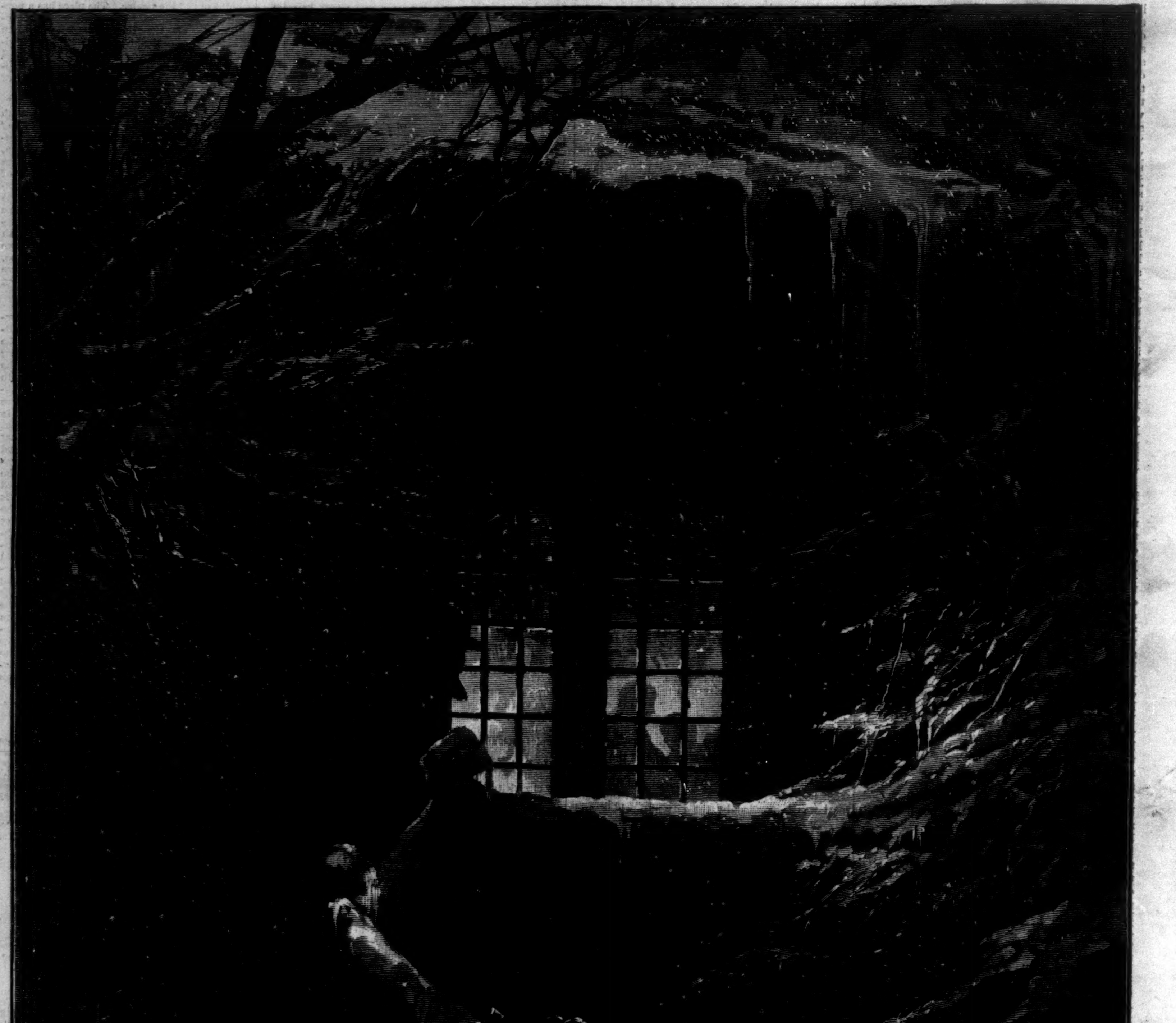
INGENUOUS MAIDEN. "Oh no; we use all our fruit for making tarts."

An old rail-splitter in Indiana put the quietus upon a young man who chaffed him upon his bald head, in these words: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

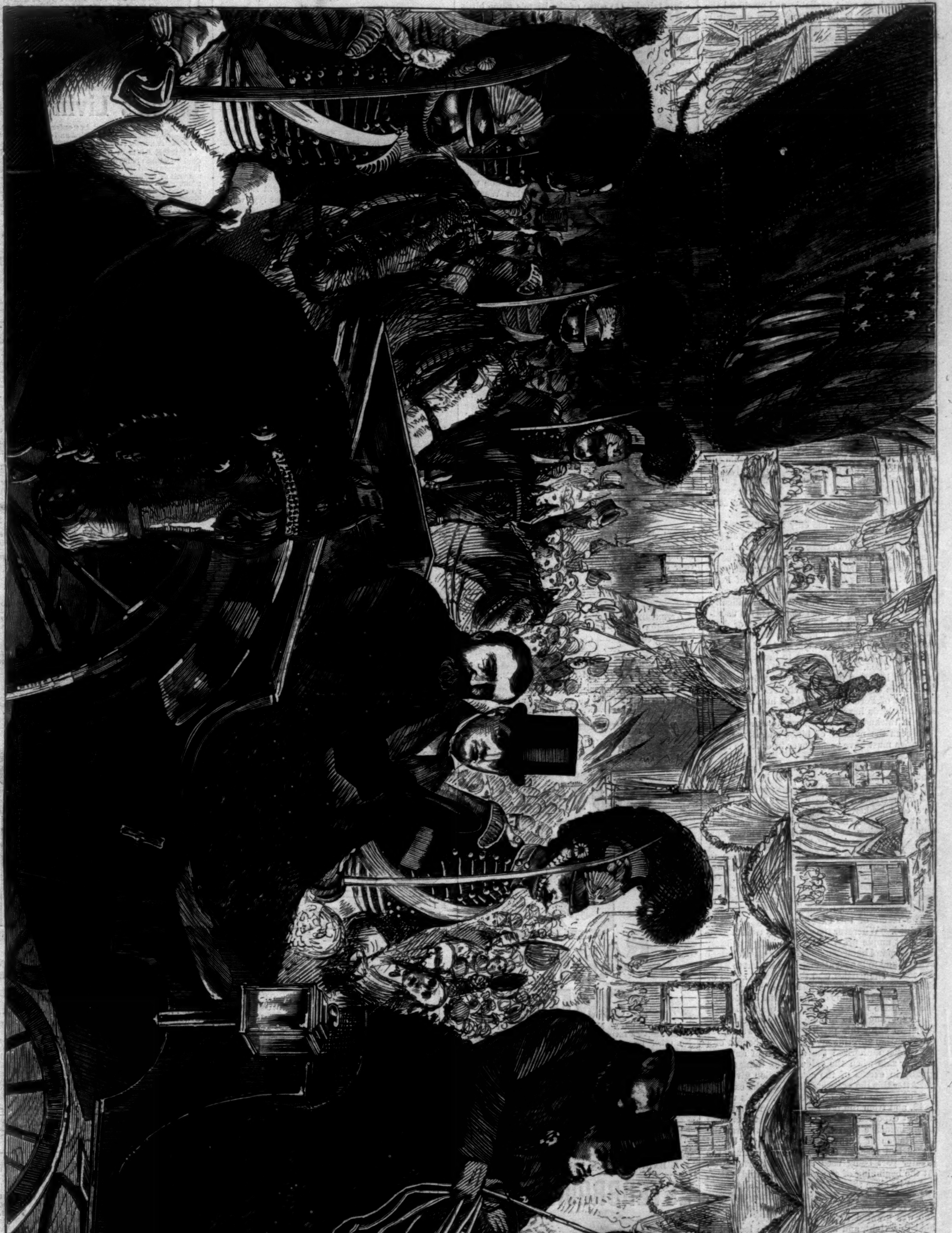
"Been having your boots half-soled?" asked Tom. "Well, yes," said Ben, who was looking a little seedy; "but they're not half s'old as my hat." And it was three o'clock the next afternoon before Tom understood just what he meant by it.

A deaf-mute used the new audiphone. "Can you pay me that five dollars?"—these were the first words he heard. "I prefer to remain in my original condition," he said, sternly, and threw the audiphone out of the window.

A gentleman in Paris paid a visit the other day to a lady, in whose parlor he saw a portrait of a lovely woman of, say, five-and-twenty. Upon the entrance of the lady her visitor asked her if the portrait was a family portrait, and was told that it represented her deceased daughter. "Has it been long since you lost her?" asked the gentleman. "Alas! sir," replied the lady, "she died just after her birth, and I had a portrait painted to represent her as she would have appeared if she had lived until now."



BRINGING HOME CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—DRAWN BY C. GRAHAM.



GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION IN PHILADELPHIA—THE PROCESSION PASSING INDEPENDENCE HALL.—FROM SKETCHES BY DAVIS AND FROST.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

THE GUANO ISLANDS.

THE principal wealth of Peru, or rather that which has been most available, and produced the largest revenue, is its guano. This deposit is found on the Chincha Islands in the south, on the Guanajos and Lobos on the north, and to some extent on smaller islands and on the main-land. It is generally conceded that guano is the accumulated excrement of birds, which in numberless flocks frequent these localities. These deposits were formerly supposed to belong to a previous geological epoch; but recent study has brought to light, deeply imbedded in the guano, well-preserved remains of aquatic birds and other animals of the present epoch. Formerly the guano of the Peruvian islands was intermixed with the remnants of seals. These, however, have been so much hunted in years past that they now venture but a short distance inland, and the guano now accumulating, as may be gathered from our sketch on page 5, is deposited almost entirely by birds. The seals frequent only the shores, caves, and low rocks which are washed by the waves, and where they can quickly secure safety by taking to the water. Formerly they travelled to the very centre, and climbed to the highest points of the islands, as is shown by the deposits of their skins and bones.

The name "guano" is derived from the Peruvian *huano*, dung. One of the earliest mentions of this word occurs in a work written by Father ACOSTA, a Jesuit priest, and published in Seville in 1590. Of still older date than this work are the *Commentaries of the Incas*, written by GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA, who died in 1598. His mother was an Indian princess, and his father a Spaniard of good family. GARCILASSO gives a very interesting account of the manner in which the birds producing the guano were protected by the laws of the Incas, by which it was made a crime punishable by death to kill the sea-fowl, gather their eggs, or even to visit the islands during the breeding season. This writer then goes on to say how each island was divided by landmarks apportioning it among the different provinces of the kingdom, to each of which was assigned the amount of guano to be used during the season. He also greatly extols the fertilizing properties of guano, but does not call it by this or any other special name.

Guano is, of course, the only manure used by the Peruvians. The government, to which all the deposits belong, allows those requiring it for home consumption to take what they may need free of any charges. In spite of this, however, the agriculturists in many of the interior parts of Peru have to pay as high a price for guano as it commands in New York. The cause is the difficulty of transportation from the coast. This is usually accomplished on the backs of llamas or donkeys. HUMBOLDT called attention to the great value of guano, and the sample analyzed by FOURCROY and VAUQUELIN was sent to France by that savant in 1805. He stated that "the guano is deposited in layers fifty to sixty feet thick upon the granite of many of the South-sea Islands off the coast of Peru. During three hundred years the coast birds have deposited guano only a few lines in thickness. This shows how great must have been the number of birds, and how many centuries must have passed over in order to form the present guano beds."

About thirty years ago a quantity of guano was sent to England from Peru, to test its value as a merchantable article. It was consigned to a commission merchant, by whom it was placed in the care of a broker, who advertised it and put it up at auction. Being unknown in the market, it found no bidders, and the commission merchant, acting in the interest of his consignor, ordered the entire lot to be thrown into the Thames to avoid storage and other expenses. Later on, another sample of guano was sent to England. On this occasion, however, it was not offered for sale, but was put into the hands of agriculturists to test its qualities as a manure.

The result of this experiment may be easily imagined. Wherever the guano was used it gave the most ample proof of its fertilizing qualities, and a demand immediately sprang up, purchasers being found to take it at a sum equivalent to $100 per ton. The parties who thus became aware of the commercial value of guano purchased from the Peruvian government, for the sum of $40,000, the exclusive right of taking it from the islands and exporting it to Europe. They were not allowed to enjoy this privilege long, however, for the Peruvian government claimed the benefit of a law which authorized the recession of any contract or sale when the value of the thing sold is greatly in excess of the consideration given for it. After this the government began the exportation of guano on its own account. This was in 1842, and from the few thousand tons that were at first exported annually, the amount increased to an immense figure. Before our late war the importation of Peruvian guano into the United States had reached 80,000 tons per annum, the greater part being used in the Southern States. At the beginning of the war this demand ceased, but at its close the trade at once revived, though it has not yet reached its maximum quantity. Some few years since the right of exporting guano was granted to a stock company, who still hold this right, and whose agents are located in the various guano markets, and manage the business.

The high price which guano commanded soon led to the search for and the discovery of similar deposits in other parts of the world. Large deposits were found on the coasts of Chili and Bolivia, and on numerous islands in the Pacific Ocean. These far western islands of the Pacific, from which immense quantities of this fertilizer are obtained, produce, however, an entirely different kind of guano from that of the islands of Peru. It is entirely free from odor, and resembles brown dust in appearance. About fifteen or twenty varieties of birds may be distinguished as frequenting these islands, of which the larger number are gannets, boobies, frigate-birds, tern, noddies, petrels, and tropic birds, both red and white tailed. On some of the islands game birds are found, such as curlew, snipe, and plover. All these birds are, however, much scarcer than formerly, when the islands were unoccupied, though even at this time they may be reckoned by myriads, at times absolutely darkening the air, and at the season of incubation literally covering the ground.

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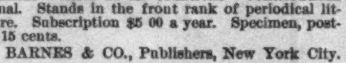

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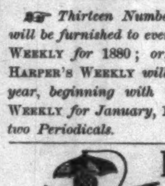

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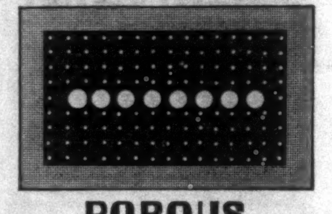

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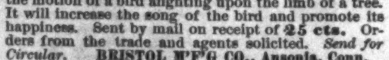

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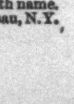

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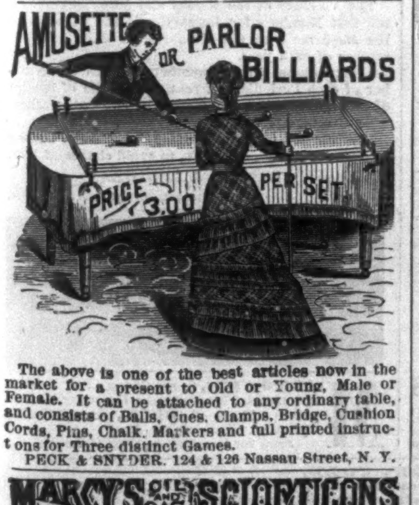

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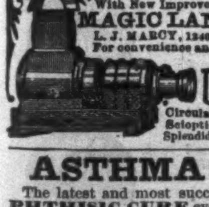

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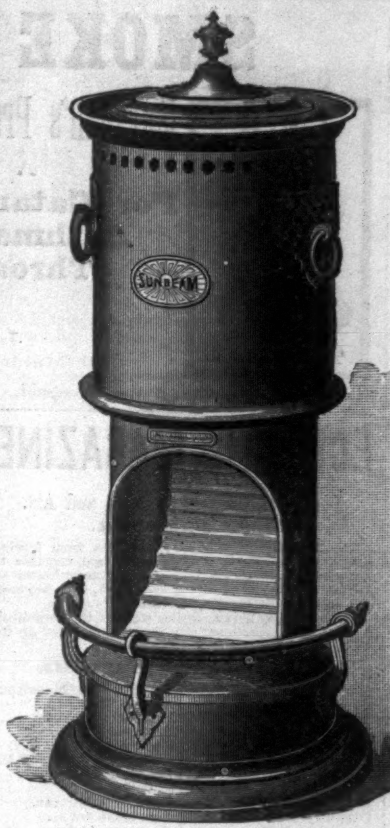

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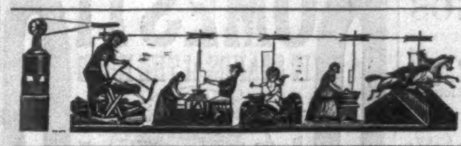

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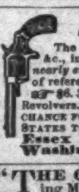

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